

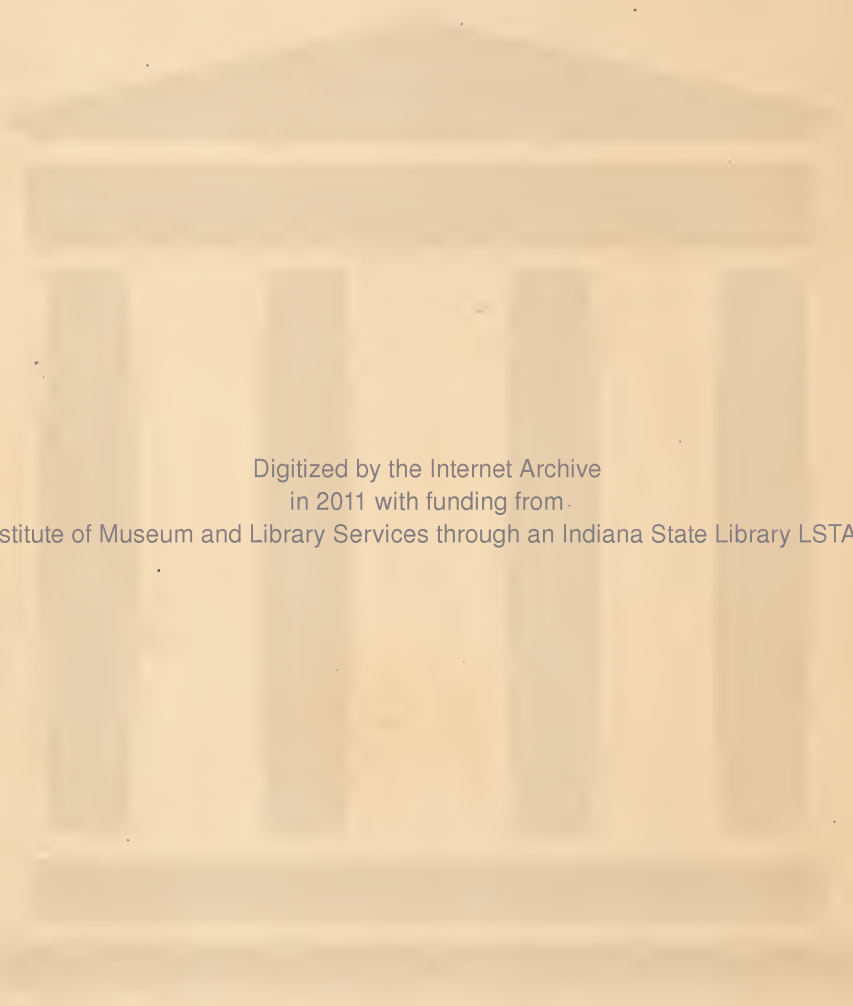


CHOES of SONG

Mrs. L. H. WASHINGTON







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ECHOES OF SONG.

BY

MRS. LUCY H. WASHINGTON.



SPRINGFIELD, ILL.:
EDWIN S. WALKER, PUBLISHER.
1125 South Fifth Street.
1878.

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SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

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RECORDS.

*WHEN the thoughts, in rythmic numbers,
And with rocking cadence flow,
Keeping time to the warm throbbing
Of Life's pendulum below,
Then the record is a POEM,
And the oft-recurring rhyme,
Marks its sections, as do figures,
On the dial-plate of Time.*

*When the heart breaks forth in rapture,
Free as flooding light of noon,
And the mind, with jeweled lasso,
Grasps and holds the glowing tune,
Gives the heart-born captured impulse
Wings, its mission to prolong,
Bearing love, and cheer, and solace,
Then the record is a SONG.*

*When the heart and mind are longing,
For the infinite unknown,
Reaching on, and ever onward,
They are held in sweetest tone;
Thus the words we blend together,
From the thoughts that sweetly throng,
Through the soul's creative temple,
Are but ECHOES OF OUR SONG.*

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

It was observed by the venerated Poet, who has just closed his long and distinguished career, and taken

“His chamber in the silent halls of death,”

that the elements of Poetry lie in natural objects, in the vicissitudes of human life, in the emotions of the human heart, and the relations of man to man.

The ECHOES OF SONG comprised in this volume have been gathered from the Author's portfolio, which, opening in her girlhood, is resonant now with sentiments that mark the maturity of a fully ripened, and noble womanhood. Their perusal and study will at once show that the elements of her song embrace most comprehensively, the beauties of nature, and the ever varying, yet changeless experience of humanity.

If these ‘Echoes’ may but serve to awaken responsive sentiments in other hearts, and minds, and thus minister to the diffusion of the inspirations to which they give voice, the object of their publication will be accomplished.

Sept. 1878.

E. S. W.

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ECHOES OF SONG.

EARLIER POEMS.

Christ Upon the Waters.

THICK, and fast, the rain is falling
Over Palestine at night,
And the darkness is illumined
By the lightning's lurid light,
And the silent hour is broken
By the distant thunder's roar,
Watch-word of the mighty storm-king,
Which resounds, from shore to shore.

Ere the winds had roused the billows,
Ere the shadows gathered dark,
Saw ye far upon the waters,
Gently float a fragile bark?
Now, alas! 't is wildly driven
Onward, by the hurrying blast,
Now its sails are rent asunder,
Riven is the slender mast.

Yet those hardy seamen tremble,
At the thunder's crashing roar,
For their boat is tossing wildly,
Still more wildly than before;

Aye! their hearts are chilled with terror,
Where is now the power to save?
For the sea is lashed to fury,
Must they sink beneath the wave?

While the billows rage around them,
And the clouds burst overhead,
The Disciples are reminded
Of the Master, in their dread,
And they hasten to awake him,
"Rouse thee Master! or we die—
Car'st thou not that we should perish?
For the tempest rageth high."

He arises, stands beside them,
Gently bids them "Fear no more,"
Still the lightnings flash around them,
Still the sullen thunders roar;
List! unto the raging billows,
Jesus speaketh, "Peace, be still,"
And the storm is hushed to silence,
For the winds obey his will.

Thus may we, when earthly billows
Surge around the frightened soul,
Baffling all the sails of purpose,
Rending anchors of control,
Go and call upon the Master,
He will hear an earnest cry,
And will rescue those who trust him,
When Life's tempest rageth high.

Light and Love.

IT was sunset hour,
And the magic power
Of the golden skies serene,
Fell on all around,
As in thought, spell-bound,
I gazed upon the scene.

I beheld a cloud,
And its mien was proud
As it towered o'er Earth so high,
For its form was light,
And its face was bright,
And it hung in the clear blue sky.

As I gazed with joy
On Heaven's fair toy,
I beheld a gradual change,
The cloud still there,
Yet no longer fair,
And I thought, 'T is passing strange;

Till I glanced again
On Heaven's blue plain,
And saw that its tint grew deep,
For the orb of day,
With his brilliant ray,
Had sunk in the west to sleep;

And then I knew,
'T was that he withdrew,
That my cloud was no longer bright,
For its brilliant shade
Had been portrayed,
By his all-reflecting light.

There is a light
Which is still more bright,
'T will the fairest hues impart,
It comes from above,
'T is the light of love,
And it beautifies the heart;

It strews the path
Of the child of Earth,
With fair unfading flowers,
And with pencil bright,
In their rapid flight,
It gilds the passing hours;

Yet unlike the sun,
When his course is run,
Who is followed by darksome night,
For the fount of love,
Is in Heaven above,
Where it shineth ever bright.

A Song of Change;

OR, AN OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

THERE'S a cot, that I loved in my childhood,
And 'tis cherished by memory still,
Nestled down by a deep shady wildwood,
At the foot of a far-sloping hill;
Roses sweet, grew beside the low window,
And a woodbine twined over the door,
Flowers, fresher, or fairer, or dearer,
Shall blossom for me, nevermore.

There's a brook, that I loved in my childhood,
And it ripples in memory still,
Hiding oft in the midst of the wildwood,
As it winds round the foot of the hill;
Graceful willows droop lovingly o'er it,
And its waters are crystal and clear;
And the pebbles that sparkle beneath them—
Bright rubies were never so dear.

There's a form, that I loved in my childhood,
And most sacred to memory still,
My dear mate, as I roamed through the wildwood,
Near the cot at the foot of the hill;
O! her eye was as blue, and as gentle
As the sky which smiled over us then,
And a voice so enchanting and birdlike,
I shall listen to—never again.

There's a hope, that I cherished in childhood,
In my dreams it revisits me still,
As I wander again in the wildwood,
As I dwell in the cot by the hill;
This sweet hope, how it gladdens the future,
Where the path of my life is all bright,
For a gentle one lingers beside me,
Even down to its shadowy night.

But alas, for my dreary awakings!
Into darkness, not dawning they seem,
Oh, would that my dreamings were real,
And my life's cheerless journey a dream.
But time has brought many sad changes,
With burdens of labor and care,
While years in their ceaseless returnings,
Have whitened to silver, my hair.

The cot that I loved in my childhood
Has fallen, from final decay,
Vanished the dear shady wildwood,
The woodman has cut it away;
The brook, by whose banks I have sported,
Is mournfully murmuring still;
The form, and the hope, that I cherished,
Are asleep, on the side of the hill.

Life on the Sea.

A LIFE on the sea, it is joyous and bright,
When the waves lightly dance in the golden light;
When the boat smoothly glides, and the sails are all free,
Then happy indeed is a life on the sea.

A life on the sea, it is dark, aye and dread,
When the waves roll beneath, and the clouds overhead,
When the storm-king hurls fiery darts from on high,
And the deep thunders roll, just aloft in the sky.

See! the dark wings of Night, now are hovering near,
Hearts recently gay, are now chilling with fear,
Or perchance wildly throbbing, and wishing to be
Far away on the land, and no longer at sea.

And whose is that form, that is shuddering now?
A pallor creeps over his weather-bronzed brow;
'Tis the Captain's, and all gather round his brave form,
As if he'd the power to protect from the storm.

And there's another, the Mate, who can stand,
Without fear on the sea, for he loves not the land,
Yet it grieves him to think how a loved one will weep,
Should he never return, from his home on the deep.

Still there is a charm in a life on the wave,
Where above is the sky, and beneath is the grave,
Above is the sky, where the sailor may be,
Where the billows roll o'er his cold form in the sea.

Angel Listeners.

WHEN the Night her plumes is spreading,
Slowly o'er her sable nest,
And the weary, and the careworn,
Sink in quietude to rest,
'Tis delightful then to fancy,
When the evening prayer is said,
That the Angels gladly listen,
Hovering near us, overhead.

Every feeble, faint petition,
Finds a welcome 'mid the throng,
And they bear it gently upward,
Praising as they float along,
That the power to them is given,
Thus to minister to man,
Sweetly singing richest praises
For the world's redeeming plan.

Though the shadows round us gather,
Still the Angels bask in light;
Aye! we hear them chant of Heaven,
Where is neither shade, nor night.
If the heart be faint and weary,
Angel voices murmur low,
Of a land, all free from sorrow—
Of a rest we soon shall know.

List! they whisper words of promise,
 As they linger near at even,
 Waiting to be joyous bearers,
 Of repentant thoughts to Heaven;
 And it soothes the heart to fancy
 That 'mid shades of life's dark night,
 They will bear the spirit heavenward,
 To the realms of endless light.

Judson's Grave.

1851.

HE had borne the rod,
 He had taught of God,
 Through him was a nation bless'd,
 Though the ocean now,
 Rolls o'er his brow,
 Yet sweet is his tranquil rest.

'Neath the drifting wave,
 Is the "Teacher's" grave,
 Where none may e'er repair,
 With a loving heart,
 To bestow in part,
 Affection's offerings there.

Yet with all that sleep,
 In the mighty deep,
 At the great Archangel's tread,
 He will early rise,
 To the joyous skies,
 When the sea gives up its dead.

*Esther.**

ESTHER, we know that thou art gone,
That thou art laid in peace, to rest,
No more we see thy lovely form,
No longer heaves thy gentle breast.

Although it often brings a sigh,
To think thou'lt ne'er return again,
To think that one so young should die,
Yet still we know thou'rt free from pain.

No more dull care shall trouble thee,
No sorrow e'er shall fill thy heart;
Then, if from sin, and sorrow free,
'Tis well, loved one, thou did'st depart.

Thy Maker called thee to his arms,
It was by him thy life was given,
And to protect thy soul from harm,
He called thee safely home to Heaven.

O, then, we will not mourn for thee,
We know that thou art happy there;
But oh, we hope one day, to be,
Partakers of thy joyous share.

Then with our own, thy voice shall sound,
To sing our Savior's praise above,
Our happiness shall know no bound,
Our theme shall be our Maker's love.

* ESTHER A. BULKLEY, died North Fairfax, Vt., March, 1850.

To a Brown Thrush.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, forest bird,
Dost thou tarry to sing unto me?
Gladly thy clear woodland voice is heard,
Trilling so wild and free.

Hast thou paused in thy flight, on this oaken tree,
Ere far o'er the fields thou shalt roam,
To carol a welcoming song for me,
To make brighter my western home?

Dost thou come, sweet bird, with thy cheering song,
From some feathered throng on high?
Dost thou gather the hues of thy graceful form,
From the light of a western sky?

O linger, dear bird, 'neath my window awhile,
There is power in thy mellow tone
To banish the tear, which, displaced by a smile,
Will return, if thou leavest me lone.

Alas! thou hast flown, far away, far away,
Still my heart will remember thee long;
Remember, at parting, thou seemd'st to say,
"Gather fragments of sunshine and song."

For an Album.

WILL I write a few lines in thine album:
And what shall I write for thee, pray?

Shall it be of the beautiful flowers
That blossom along life's pathway?

Shall it be of the gems of the ocean,
The pearls that lie low in the sea,
Of the stars, as they glisten in beauty,
O pray, shall I write these for thee?

I will write of a gem far more precious
Than ocean could ever bestow;
Of a flower more radiant in beauty
Than blossoms in gardens below;

Of a star which all others surpasseth,
The bright star of Hope it shall be,
The gem, it is Faith; and the blossom
Is Love; I will write these for thee.

Twilight.

EARTH is beautiful, 'tis eventide;
My heart is filled with naught beside
The loveliness of eve.

Adieu, yon pale retreating light,
Being less welcome far, than night,
Well takest thou thy leave.

And thou, great glorious orb of day,
Through Heaven's arch hast sped thy way,
 Sole parentage of light;
Thy couch with crimson thou hast dressed,
And seemingly hath sunk to rest,
 Thou too, dost welcome night.

Yon star that loves not brilliant day,
Comes forth to shed its tiny ray,
 As if with thought impressed;
It twinkles o'er those towering trees,
Whose foliage whispers to the breeze,
 Hush, 'tis the hour of rest.

I list, and hear the gushing rills,
The cattle on the sloping hills
 Are silent in repose;
With joy they hailed the opening day,
Which quietly they've grazed away;
 With gratitude, its close.

Light fleecy clouds of mellow hue,
Sink nearer earth, and gentle dew,
 As grateful off'ring bring;
Each bird is hushed in tree and bower,
To enjoy the shadowy twilight hour,
 With head beneath its wing.

How sweetly died its evening song,
Which echo, anxious to prolong,
 Endeavored to repeat;
'Twere vain, she could not sing so well,
And yet there was a magic spell
 About her music, sweet,

A spell that wraps my soul in love,
 That raised my thoughts, my heart above,
 In gratitude and prayer.
 If such fair scenes to us are given,
 Such music lent to earth from Heaven,
 What are the glories there?

My heart beats not in tumult wild,
 With impulse caused by Nature's smile,
 There's sadness on her brow;
 And yet that sadness is so sweet,
 I, glad in mine own spirit, greet
 Her gentle teachings now.

Methinks there is an unseen power,
 Hovering o'er earth at twilight hour
 That lulls the mind to rest;
 So when the night of life draws near,
 Kind spirit, quell each doubt and fear
 That lingers in the breast.



Reproach to Fancy.

WHY doth my heart so wildly beat?
 Why seems the world so dark and drear?
 Ah, 'tis because I've been deceived
 By foolish Fancy, once again.
 Oh, she hath ever been my curse,
 Luring me on, with winning smile,
 Swelling my heart with transient joy,

Until Reality would teach
That which I should have known before,
How vain and treacherous is her smile.
Yet ne'er again will I be caught
Within her toils, or cheered by her
Deceitful charms. This heart, where she
Too oft hath held her foolish sway,
Is callous to her influence now.
Yet better far, it were for me,
Had she ne'er gained an entrance there;
Oh, that I should have been her dupe
So often, and so long!

Fancy's Reply.

AH, can it be I hear aright,
And that thou call'st me fickle now,
And sportest with my name, as one
Who'd spurn me from his heart?
I well could bear thy jesting, but
Were I resentful as thyself,
How could I bear such epithets
As these? It is but "weak" and "vain"
And "foolish" Fancy, who deceives.
O, tell me what of wrong I've dealt,
That I should be despised as one
Who seekest ill;—as one who'd make
Thy life less joyous than it is.
Review thy days, and say, O man,

And say, when Fancy made thee sad,
And left thee not in smiles.
In thy young days I loved thee, and
Would linger round thy childish form;
Long ere thou knew'st my presence, or
Had'st learned to spurn thy guest,
'Twas my delight to strew thy path
With flowers, which thou did'st look upon
With earnest eye. What though, at times,
Thou did'st attempt with tiny hand
To grasp my fantasy, and failed?
Yet was't thou saddened long?
Thou did'st but turn to me again,
And when I pictured fairer scenes
A little farther off, 't were joy
To see thy sparkling eye, and hear
Thy ringing laugh, as thou did'st view
My vision.

So 'twas ever my
Delight to gladden thy young heart,
And bid dull care, in real garb,
T'approach not one who was the pet,
The pride of Fancy.

Time passed on,
And with the rolling flight of years,
There fled the child I once had known,
For thou wert in the pride of youth,
No longer pleased with tinsel toy.
I changed my scenes for youthful years,
And then, I often caused a flush
To mantle o'er thy thoughtful brow,
In view of what thou would'st achieve,

When time should give thee strength.
I saw thee walk abroad, in all
The pomp of pride, for I had made
Thee man before thy time.

And more
Than this I've done for thee, O man;
I've stolen oft to one beloved,
And whispered pleasant words of thee.
Oft in thine absence I have shown
Thy form, more manly than thou art,
To every motion added grace,
To every feature a new charm,
Thou was't not loved for real self,
Rather what Fancy pictured thee.
Then tell me what of wrong I've done
That thou should'st blame me thus.
E'en Fancy can be sad, and I,
With sadness, ask to know the cause.
I oft have given thee happy hours,
Reared castles fair before thy view,
And am I then more false than Hope?
Still thou dost cling to her faint smile
With all the fondness of thy soul.
'Twas not until I'd sought thee out
And pictured pleasant things for thee,
That thy young heart knew Hope.
The present and Reality
Are ever walking hand in hand,
Hope holds the forms that Fancy paints,
And makes the future ever fair.
'Tis past; and I am "weak" and "vain."
And shall I leave thee now?

Ah, no.

When thou dost weary grow, at times
When care sits heavy on thy brow,
And thou dost sigh for quiet rest,
When a deep hush comes o'er thy soul
At thought of things to come, so sweet
That thou would'st have it e'er remain,
To lull and soothe thy fainting heart,
Know then, that Fancy, who so loved
To rock thy cradle, and to give
Bright color to thine infant dreams,
Waking to mirth, and joy, and hope,—
Still lingers by thee, and will suit
Her visions to thy changing years.
The infant's sleep prepares for life;
Tired life but longs for rest in age.
Then, I will soothe to restful dreams;
Then, thou shalt learn that there have none
More faithful, than thy Fancy been,
To brighten life and cheer thy way,
E'en from the cradle to the grave.

Reading.

I LOVE to read of birds, and flowers,
Of eventide and morning hours,
I love to drink sweet Nature in,
As richly robed, by poet's pen.

I love to read of fountain bright,
Which sparkles gaily in the light,
Or, glimmering in the moon's pale beam,
It seemeth like a silver stream.

I love to read of torrent grand,
With diamond spray, or rainbow spanned,
Waking wild echoes from the shore,
While rushing on forevermore.

I love to read of sloping hills,
All running o'er with laughing rills,
Their tops o'ercapped with fleecy cloud,
Or draped in winter's snowy shroud.

I love to read of mountain high,
Cleaving the ramparts of the sky,
Whose towering, grand, majestic form,
Scowls down defiance at the storm.

I love to read of Orient climes,
Of lordly deeds in ancient times;
Yet better far of patriot hand,
Outstretched to save one's native land.

I've read of monarchs' lofty sway,
Whose law grand nations must obey,
I praise them, if that law be good,
Yet better love free brotherhood.

I love to read about the mind,
Its aspirations all combined,
Its longings echo in my own,
Repeating what I've ever known.

The graceful form of Poesy,
Hath ever a sweet charm for me,
Some buds and blossoms, may be mine,
But wreaths of them I may not twine.

I may not cross the roaring main,
Or scale the Alps, or roam the plain,
May ne'er behold Rome's sculptured halls,
Or gaze on ancient, ruined walls;

And yet in my secluded home,
The varied lands of earth I roam,
So quickly roam, and back again,
My faithful guide, some writer's pen.

Earth's gilded ways I may not know,
Her jewels come, and flash, and go;
For this abiding joy I plead,
Give me mind, heart, and time to read.

POEMS OF MY CHILDREN.

The First Born.

IS this *my* little baby boy,
That nestles by my side?
That fills my heart with gladsome joy?
Nay, do not call it pride—
With joy, I ne'er before have known,
That unto me is given,
A little treasure all my own,
Just from the courts of Heaven.

A few brief days upon time's tide
My little one has known,
His fragile barque he could not guide,
Upon its waves alone;
And so secured beside mine own,
He floats without a fear,
And who shall say he does not know,
Some guiding hand is near?

Yet thus it may not ever be,
For when long years have passed,
And I, with failing strength, shall near
The distant shore at last—

When firm at helm, with manhood's power,
My child shall stem the tide,
Perhaps his mother's barque will float,
Securely by his side.

He's sleeping now, yet mark his face,
And see those dimples play;
What sees my little darling one?
What do the angels say?
'Tis said when sleeping infants smile,
That unto them 'tis given,
To see the smiling angel bands,
Who tune their harps in Heaven.

Delightful thought, and why not true?
Did not the Savior say,
"Of such as these my kingdom is,
Then turn them not away?"
O Father, grant this gift of thine,
Kept free from every stain,
May, by a pure and spotless life,
Return Heaven's smiles again.

Flown.

PLUMED for the "Happy Land,"
Radiant and bright,
Our cherub, so precious,
Has taken his flight.

Why should'st thou linger,
On Life's troubled sea,
When the Angels, dear Eddie,
Were waiting for thee?

O watch for us, darling,
On yon shining shore,
Where sorrow and parting,
Can come never more.

Lucy May.

HAVE you seen our Lucy May?
Have you seen the darling, say?
O! but she is wondrous fair,
With the silken chestnut hair,
Curling round her cherub head,
While her dainty lips so red,
Ever seem to ask a kiss,
And our hearts are filled with bliss,
Since she cheers us every day,
Precious baby, Lucy May.

She has such a cunning nose,
And her cheeks are like the rose,
While her brow is lily fair,
'Neath the curling chestnut hair.
Stars within the folds of night,
Never shone with purer light,
Than her little lovelit eyes,
Speaking, giving sweet replies,
And bright smiles, like sunbeams play,
On the face of Lucy May.

Ne'er was princess' jewelled wand,
Charming as her dimpled hand,
How we cheered with rapturous joy,
Her first grasp of tiny toy;—
Now she hides her eyes from view,
Glances out, for "Peep a boo."
She can make a "patty cake,"
"Pick it, toss it up to bake,"
And more wondrous still, than this,
She can throw a honey kiss.
Winsome baby, Lucy May,
Mother's wonder all the day.

Yet, oh why these dewy tears,
As I glance adown the years,
On the battle-field of life?
Baby May must join the strife,
Bravely may she share its toil,
She may meet its wild turmoil,—
Darling cannot always rest
On a loving mother's breast.

Heavenly Father, grant this prayer,
May she have thy tender care,
Safely o'er life's changing way,
Guard, and guide, our Lucy May.

First Absence from Home.

I THINK of my little boy to-night,
I see a pillow unruffled, and white,
Where I miss the form of his flaxen head,
As I glance at his downy, silent bed,
Which sadly seems, at this close of day,
Like a vacant nest, with the bird away.

I miss the voice of his evening prayer,
Imploring a Heavenly Father's care;
In fancy I seem to hear him say,
"Take care of dear father, and mother, I pray,
Let angels their watch around me keep,
As I lay my body down to sleep."

I tremble to think how very near,
I have been to missing forever, here,
That precious form, and that cheering voice,
And my heart within me doth rejoice,
That he, who the life of my darling gave,
In a moment of peril, was near to save.

He is not gone forever, ah, no!
 And cheerfully, gladly, I bade him go,
 To spend with papa, some days from home,
 And patiently now will I wait till he come;
 Ere the sun of to-morrow hath ceased to burn,
 My dear, and my darling, will both return.

Joy and Sorrow.

APRIL 10, 1870.

PASS'D were the shadows of the night,
 The bird-hailed morn had come;
 Life's Angel tarried in his flight,
 To leave within our home
 A little cherub, whose dear life
 Should ever more entwine,
 In scenes of joy, or sorrow's strife,
 So tenderly with mine.

Blossoms are springing to the light,
 Buds bursting on the tree,
 All nature singing with delight,
 As this life comes to me.
 May not our precious little bud,
 By her sweet presence, bring
 Love's warmth, and sunshine, to abide,
 Like a perpetual spring?

I clasp a clinging rose-tint hand,
 And on her lips and brow,
 Press pledges of the mother love,
 Which gushes freshly now;
 And then in musing, dreamy mood,
 Through mists of tender tears,
 I try to picture out her life,
 In all those coming years.

O, were it mine to strew the way,
 With rare exotic flowers,
 Zephyrs, and sunbeams e'er should play,
 For her in fairest bowers;
 Where turbid flood and raging storm,
 Should never, never come,
 To fright my darling, or to cast
 A shadow o'er her home.

But thus it wisely may not be,
 He who my darling gave,
 Alone can trace her pathway, from
 The cradle to the grave.
 To him who doeth all things well,
 I breathe a mother's prayer,
 And trust the dear one by my side,
 To his protecting care.

JULY 10, 1871.

Well might I not discern the way!
 A few brief months had sped,
 When our wee star that dawned with day,
 With evening shadows fled;

And we are left in sorrow's night,
Whose density is riven,
By that firm faith, eluding sight,
Which opes the gates of Heaven.

The Shepherd saw our precious lamb,
That she was chilled with cold;
He clasped her little waxen hand,
And bore her to his fold,
Where turbid flood, and raging storm,
Can never, never come,
To fright our darling, or to cast
A shadow o'er her home.

Childrens' Philosophy.

JUST at night, as the rain fell in torrents,
The lightnings were flashing around,
And thunders were fearfully rolling,
Little Mattie was standing spell-bound.

Looking out on a scene of such grandeur,
Of lightning, and darkness in strife,
As she had not seen, to remember,
In all the four years of her life.

Her lips were half parted with wonder,
Her eyes opened wide with surprise,
As she looked at the rain, which was falling,
And peered with awe, toward the skies.

Then quickly she turned to us, smiling,
In thought, a solution had come,
"Oh listen! dear Ma-ma, in heaven,
The Lord is just beating his drum."

"No, daughter," the mother made answer,
"The Lord has no drum in the skies,"
Then the mouth opened wider with wonder,
The eye showed still greater surprise.

Yet nothing discouraged, or daunted,
Though thus quickly brought to a stand,
She said, "I suppose, then, dear Ma-ma,
He's striking the Moon with his hand."

Then Irving, of eight, spoke up boldly,
With wisdom, concerning the weather,
"Why! Mattie, I thought you knew better,
The clouds are just bumping together."

Baby's Eyes.

DEAR little eyes, beautiful eyes,
Winking, and blinking, with queer surprise,
Now peeping at you, now peering at me,
What do you think, can the little one see,
With the wee starry eyes,
Which like windows are given,
To look through on earth,
From the borders of heaven?

Little bright eyes, light giving eyes!
How bless'd are the beings on whom they arise!
'Tis cheerless without, frost-bound and so drear,
What matter; within is all sparkling with cheer,
And all from the light
Of the sweet baby's eyes;
Alas! for the homes
Where such lights never rise.

Little brown eyes, wonderful eyes!
What do we see in the marvelous eyes?
Treasure more precious than silver or gold,—
Fathoms of love, that can never been told,—
Adding beauty to earth,
Leading up to the skies;
That's what we see
In the dear baby's eyes.

My Sleeping Babes.

I HAVE come once more in sadness,
To weep o'er precious dust;
I have come once more with gladness,
And a firm, abiding trust;
For I know my babes, though sleeping,
'Neath the sunlit stars, or rain,
Are safe in my Saviour's keeping,
He will give them back again.

Oh! how keen the bitter anguish,
When my lovely infant boy,
In my clinging arms must languish,
While I tried so to employ,
Aid of every known appliance,
His most precious life to save,—
When had failed all skill, and science,
I must yield him to the grave.

With what eagerness I pleaded
For the life of my dear son,
Adding, in the faintest whisper,
“Not my will, but Thine be done.”
And when life’s last ray had flickered,
It seemed almost hard to say,
“Blessed be the hand that gave him,
And hath taken now away.”

As I robed my mute, cold, darling,
For his long earth-cradled rest,
Placed the buds within the waxen
Dimpled hands, upon his breast,
Bathed the face, in death so lovely,
With a mother’s tenderest tears;
Then, I thought to keep my sorrow,
Fresh through all the coming years.

Years have passed since last I clasped him
To my aching, throbbing breast,
Longing to embalm the casket,
In love’s clinging, fond caress;

And as I am strewing blossoms
O'er his restful grave to-day,
I can add with firmer accent,
"And hath taken him away."

* * * * *

Once again the shadow rested
On our home, so bless'd with light,
Once again we were enveloped
In the gloom of sorrow's night,
But we turned us from the casket,
Lovely form, and snowy shroud,
To the promise of the Father.
"There is light beyond the cloud."

Thorns we've found along life's pathway,
Ne'er can pierce their tender feet,
While our rest has oft been broken,
Their's has tranquil been, and sweet;
Should the darkest earth-storms gather,
They are safe from all alarms,
And I bless the gentle Saviour
Who has borne them in his arms.

As I read upon the marble,
Names we called our darlings by,
As I whisper, "Eddie," "Emma,"
Listening vainly for reply,
I look up, and sweetly fancy,
That they heed the voice of love,
Though my babes may only answer,
To the Angel roll above.

POEMS OF MY KINDRED.

A Lock of Silver Hair.

I HAVE shorn away from my Mother's brow,
A lock of silver hair,
And I think, as I gaze on the token now,
When that brow was young and fair.

This lock was then of a chestnut hue,
And her hopes of life were bright,
I ask my heart, are they faded too,
As the tress has grown so white?

Some years ago, a tender form
She clasped to her loving breast,
And she longed to shield from every storm,
The child to her bosom pressed.

She pictured a life all bright and fair,
As she toyed with the hand that now
Hath shorn this shining tress of hair.
From her pale and care-worn brow.

She says that the days have fleetly passed,
And that in review, they seem
Like a changing scene, that could not last,
Like a varied transient dream.

“And thus,” she says, “it will be with you,
For ere you are aware,
The locks that are now of chestnut hue,
Will change to silver hair.”

Life's mingled scenes, in their rapid flight,
Will wear a somber hue,
While the densely dark, or the gaily bright,
That greet thee, will be but few.

Then, remember this, when the night is dark,
Or when morn is exceeding fair,
'Tis a changing sea, with an earthly barque,
Remember the silver hair.

Then look away to that radiant shore,
Where flowers shall never decay,
Where hopes matured to joys, no more
Shall vanish, or wither away.

The tears of Earth, must bedew her smile,
No sorrow, nor darkness is there,
Then look to that radiant shore, my child,
From the lock of silver hair.

*To My Mother.**

DEAR Mother, is the light forever
Banished from thy sight?
Art thou enveloped evermore,
In one long, endless night?

No, Mother dear, though light, nor rest,
To thee on earth are given,
There is sweet rest, and purest light,
Awaiting thee in Heaven.

Fear not; the Savior's hand will guide
Through death's brief, transient night,
And Angel bands will welcome thee,
To never-fading light.

"Light
Bright"
where her
last
words!

* After the loss of her sight, and during her last illness.

*Restless Hours.**

O H! how wearisome the waiting,
For the sweet delights of sleep,
When with languishing and sorrow,
One must lonely vigils keep,
With the slowly passing moments,
Through the dreary hours of night,
Vainly wooing gentle slumber,
Watching for the morning light.

Those who love and trust the Savior,
In their anguish may rejoice,
As they listen to the accents,
Of his sweet, consoling voice,
“Come and cast thy burdens on me,
I have gladly borne for thee,
Deepest anguish in the garden,
Keenest torture on the tree.”

“Come with all thy cares and sorrows,
Man of Sorrows have I been,
Yielding up the joys of Heaven,
For a world enslaved to sin.
To secure thy home in glory,
I have given my life for thee,
To a beauteous, blissful mansion,
Come then trusting, unto me.”

* Suggested by the sufferings of an invalid sister.

*Nearing the River.**

"I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me."

FEAR not! for lo, I am with thee,
On the brink of Death's dark flood,
To prepare the way before thee,
And thy passport is my blood;
All the darkness is but shadow,
Hiding Canaan's shore from view,
I have crossed the surging billow,
And will bear thee safely through.

Unseen beauties, untold raptures,
Wait thee on the other side,—
Thou shalt look with glad thanksgiving,
On the dim receding tide,
Which has borne thee from all sorrow,
From a world of pain, and care,
To the realms of bliss eternal,
For there is no sorrow there.

Dearest sister; may we ever
To the great Redeemer live,
Whether with fresh-throbbing pulses,
Which new life and vigor give,
Or, with weary, fainting spirit,
We await the Master's will;
They that labor for him, serve him,
Those who suffer, serve him still.

* To my sister Myra, shortly before her death, March 14th, 1865.

My Mother's Last Blessing.

THE sands of life, my children,
Are slowly ebbing now;
And while death's chilling dampness
Is stealing o'er my brow,
While this fond heart is beating,
Ere the tender chord be riven,
That binds me to this earthly sphere,
And keeps me back from heaven—
A mother's parting blessing,
I hasten to bestow,
On those so fondly cherished,
Who must tarry here below.

Take up cheerfully life's burdens,
With a firm, courageous heart,
And in all Time's changing drama
Act an earnest, faithful part.
Strive to serve the Master;
Let thy watchword ever be—
I will labor for the Savior,
Who hath lived and died for me.
Oh! 'tis sweet to know the Shepherd
Ever hath a tender care,
For all those who love, and trust him,
And their paths he will prepare.

Follow wheresoe'er he leadeth,
Whether on the mountain high,
Or, perchance, low in the valley,
Where the shadows thickly lie;

Ever joyful in life's sunshine,
And when her dark sorrows come,
Let them prove a sweet reminder
Of that brighter, better home,
Where no sorrow e'er can enter,
Where is neither shade, nor night,
Where bless'd spirits dwell forever,
In the realms of endless light.

Oh! my heart is thrilled with pleasure,
Though its pulses feebly beat,
When I think of the departed,
Whom, with joy, I soon shall greet.
From the brink of Death's dark river,
I discern the "Shining shore,"
I am waiting now, and watching,
Till the Angels bear me o'er.
List! I hear the voices calling,
And must hasten to bestow
A last blessing on the loved ones,
Who must linger here below. !

Grandma Anna

To My Father,

ON HIS SEVENTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY.

THE promised threescore years, and ten,
Have all been given thee,
And at thy present natal day,
There have been added three; *three*
While manly strength, that still remains,
Gives promise yet to come,
Of many golden autumn years,
In thy secluded home.

Shall I, a child of years ago,
At home, a child again,
Take up the lyre I sometime use,
To join in the refrain,
Which memory of the changing years,
To thee must often bring?

Ah! there are strains of joy, and tears,
In the life-songs we sing.

I can but mark upon thy brow,
The lines which time, and care,
The twain that work so silently,
Have furrowed deeply there;
Or fail to note above that brow,
The snowy crown of age,
Proclaiming, many years have been
Thine earthly pilgrimage.

Still thy firm step and steady hand,
Thy mind yet clear and free,
All speak a vigor, seldom found,
In one of seventy-three;

A frugal life hath borne its fruit,
 Toil hath her treasure stored,)
 Not riches, and not poverty,
 For thee was her reward.)

Thine "Olive plants" are scattered far,
 And may but seldom come,
 To gather round the parent vine,
 In their paternal home;
 And yet where'er their path may lead,
 (May they, by lives of truth,)
 In upright living, honor those)
 Who guided them in youth.)

Who bore for them a Mother's love,
 Hath wearied by the way,
 Her form was laid beneath the sod,
 One lovely April day;
 Her spirit freed from earthly care,
 From earthly sorrow shriven,
 Was called to scenes, Elysian fair,
To the pure joys of Heaven.

Differ in earthly creeds we may,
 Yet when life's night has come,
 And we from earthly harvests all,
 Are bidden "Harvest home,"
 (May each a faithful record give,
 Of life's work nobly done;
 Our Heavenly Father honored, in
 True honor to his Son.

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

Bended Twigs.

“**A**S the tender twig is bended,
We shall find the tree inclined,”
Is an old and worthy saying,
Which is often brought to mind,
By the ready application
Of its sentiment, and truth,
To the tendencies of manhood,
Which are formed in early youth.

If the twig be straight and upright,
Then the tree will firmly stand,
Tossing heavenward its branches,
As it ornaments the land;
If the twig be rudely bended,
Then the tree will e'er be found,
With its gnarled, distorted branches,
Leaning pronely toward the ground.

Oh! it fills the heart with sorrow,
That our richly gifted youth,
Are so often early bended,
From the ways of right, and truth,

And, that in the path of manhood,
E'en so many should be found,
Who bow down to grov'ling passions,
Leaning basely toward the ground.

'Tis a noble sight to witness,
Upright heart, and upright form,
Gently yielding to life's zephyrs,
Still defiant of the storm;
Firmly planted, and abiding,
In the lasting soil of truth,
Gracing earth, yet reaching heavenward,
As inclined from early youth.

Child's Morning Prayer.

I THANK thee Lord, that thou hast kept
Me from all harm, while I have slept;
I thank thee for sweet rest at night;
I thank thee for the morning light.
Let me, in nothing, err this day,
But keep me in thy holy way;
Help me all evil to forsake,
And this I ask, for Jesus' sake.

Early in the Morning.

WAKING early in the morning,
Little birds with gladness sing;
Opening in the morning early,
Flowers their sweetest odors bring,
Skipping early in the morning,
Lambkins hail the opening day,
While alas! too many children
Doze the pleasant hours away.

Do they know that very early,
While the fields are bathed in dew,
It will thrill the heart with pleasure,
The enchanting scene to view,
Which refreshed and gladdened nature
Spreads before the rising sun?—
And that they may join to greet him,
When his course is just begun?

When the bee first hies to gather,
Honey from the clover flower,
He will tell you by his humming,
'Tis the merriest, freshest hour;
And the lark, in soaring upward,
Gaily singing, seems to say,
"He who never rises early,
Never knows a perfect day."

Then, bright and early in the morning,
Will you bound with right good will,
From the drowsy arms of slumber,
Which would gladly hold you still?

Join the merry birds in singing,
And for study, work, or play,
Rise up early in the morning,
“To enjoy a perfect day.”

Bow before our Heavenly Father,
Who hath given rest with night;
Thank him that he hath preserved you,
Praise him for the morning light,
Humbly ask that he will keep you
From all evil thoughts, or deeds,
Then strive earnestly to follow,
Where the gentle Shepherd leads.



The Dead Butterfly.

MOTHER, see what I have found,
Lying dead upon the ground;
What a cunning little thing,
With its spotted velvet wing;
Ma-ma, can you tell me why
Such a pretty thing should die?

Can my little daughter give
Reason why her pet should live?
True, it was a beauteous thing,
As with bright and airy wing,
It hath sported 'mid the flowers,
Through the live-long summer hours,

Sipping dew, and honey, up,
From each little chalice cup,
Laughing at the busy bee,
As, with wing so bright and free,
It flitted here, and flitted there,
Spurning toil, and shunning care.

When the chilling frosts came on,
And the blossoms all were gone,
Having gathered up no store,
For the wintry days before,
Giddy little butterfly,
It had naught to do, but die.

A Child's Greeting to Flowers and Birds.

O H, how I love the pretty flowers,
Just peeping from the ground,
I carried to my dear Ma-ma,
The very first I found.

I did not think the pretty flower
Would make dear Ma-ma cry;
And when I kissed the tears away,
And wished she'd tell me why,

She said 'twas just one year ago,
Since little Grace was given—
A bud that quickly withered here,
To blossom first in heaven.

And when dear little Grace had gone
To join the Angel band,
They placed just such a little flower,
Within her baby hand.

* * * * *

I love to see the little birds,
And hear their merry song;
They seem to say, my little child,
You never should do wrong.

Of course they do not talk, as we,
In language, or in words—
And yet they pleasant lessons teach,
The charming little birds.

How tenderly they guard their nest,
Chirping at each alarm;
How kindly feed their baby birds,
Then cover them from harm.

My Ma-ma says, a little bird
Shall not unnoticed fall,
By our kind Father up in Heaven,
Who watches over all;

And that to those who fear the Lord,
Who love his holy word,
His promises are brought to mind,
By every little bird.

If we could gather up the songs,
In all the leafy bowers;
If we could blend the lovely hues,
In all the laughing flowers;

They were not all so dear, and bright,
As that kind love that gave
His precious Son, to live and die,
Our sinful souls to save.

Tabby and Her Kits.

OLD Mrs. Tabby, a motherly dame,
 (Very neat and tidy, you would think),
 Has tried all she could,
 To train up to be good,
Her little ones, Spotty, and Pink.

Now, Spotty, and Pink are as chubby young kits,
 As you ever could wish to behold.
 Full of mischief and fun,
 They will frolic and run,
As if they could never grow old.

Mrs. Tab often gives them a pat of rebuke,
 Yet they laugh at each motherly hit,
 As if they would say,
 "Did you ever love play?
And, pray, were you never a kit?"

But then, after all, it is plain to be seen,
 That in spite of her motherly laws,
 Their frolicsome sport,
 Only gladdens her heart,
As she lies with her face on her paws.

They see how it is, the saucy young kits,
 And if other amusements should fail,
 They will spring without fear,
 At her whisker, or ear,
And play jump and catch, with her tail.

One day, Madam Tabby came in from the field,
With a proud stately step, to the house,
And what do you think
She brought Spotty, and Pink?
But a funny, wee, live little mouse.

They spring, and they bound, in their jubilant glee,
Fairly wild with a kitten's delight,
As they trembled and shook,
Then tossed and forsook,
The mousey, near dying with fright.

Now Lion, the house dog, was taking a nap,
And, happ'ning to open one eye,
He saw at a glance,
Here was a rare chance,
To train these young pussies, so sly.

"My lassies," he said, "you're so fond of the play,
Which you in high glee have begun,
I will try my paw, too,
Making mice out of you,
Then see how you relish the fun."

First giving Miss Spotty a vigorous shake,
In less time than you could say, Jack!
He caught little Pink,
And, as quick as a wink,
He tossed her quite over his back.

The pert little kits, taken quite by surprise,
Showed no wish to continue the strife,
But scampered with fright,
And were soon out of sight,
While mousey escaped with its life.

Old Lion growled, after a word of advice
At parting, as if he would say,
Look to it again,
That you cause not more pain
Than the pleasure you take in your play.

The Dying News-Boy.

“H AVE you any money, Mother?”
Said dear little Willie Bly;
“Who’ll take care of poor lame brother,
And you, save Frank and I?”

“Now I’m sick, and cannot carry
Daily papers any more,
Mother, you must need more money,
Surely, than you did before.”

“Who’ll get Eddie a warm tippet,
Who’ll get Nellie her new shoes,
Since I’m sick, and cannot carry
Any more the “Daily News”?

“Father made us such nice presents,
‘Old Chris’ sent them all, he said,
But you know he never sends them,
Since dear Father has been dead.”

“When he talked, as he was dying,
And they could’nt understand,
Don’t you think he said that ‘Willie
Will be mother’s little man?’ ”

“I shall very soon be better,
And will help you all the more,
And we’ll have a Merry Christmas,
Just as we have had before.”

But the little Hero brother,
In an hour had passed away;
Heaven help the stricken Mother,
And the rest, on Christmas day.



Sing, Robin, Sing.

SING, robin, sing,
Sing at the earliest dawn,
When the shadows of night,
Have taken their flight,
And the beautiful day is born.

Sing, robin, sing,
Sing when the soft perfume,
Is borne on the air,
Freely everywhere,
From the earliest flowers that bloom.

Sing, robin, sing,
Sing when the bountiful rain
Has scattered its pearls
In eddies and whirls,
Sing us thy sweetest refrain.

Sing, robin, sing,
Sing when the waning light
Is bidding thee creep
To thy wing-curtained sleep,
Sing us a gentle "Good Night."

Robin Robbed.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

ROBIN of the russet breast,
And his wife, had made their nest,
In a pretty maple tree,
And were proud as birds could be.

Nicely had the nest been made,
Four blue, pretty eggs been laid,
Which the mother covered over,
While her Robin, faithful lover,—

Sang, and waited round their home,
Till the little birds should come,
Tapping at their prison shell,
Sound she knew, and loved so well.

Often to the tree he flew,
“Darling, here’s a worm for you;
I will sing, do all the rest,
While you sit upon the nest,

“Till our birds come, bye and bye,
Then we both shall have to fly;
Busy, busy, all day long,
Scarcely finding time for song.”

But alas! one fatal day,
Some rude boys had come that way.
Robin saw them, and he knew,
Wife was timid, so he flew,

To their tree, and softly said,—
“Darling, do not be afraid,
Cuddle down, and never fear,
Maybe, they will not come near.”

But the fellows saw him fly,
And his nest they quickly spy,
Roughly shouting, on they run,
Bent on robbery,—for fun.

Could we only understand,
Language of the FEATHER-LAND,
This, I think, would surely be,
What the bird said, from the tree:

“Chip, chip, chip, boys, go away,
Do not come so near to play;
Chip, chip, chip, boys, do not come,
To disturb our quiet home.

“Chip, chip, chip, boys, no, oh! no,
Up the tree you must not go,
Do not come upon this bough;
Chip, chip, they’ve started now.

“Chip, chip, wifey, you must fly;
Chip, chip, chip, oh! I shall die;
Chip, chip, chip, oh! boys, I beg,
Do not touch that pretty egg.

“Next week, every one will be
Birdling, oh, so dear to me,
They are all we have to love,
Please do not our eggs remove.

“Chip, chip, chip, they’ve taken two,
Chip, chip, chip, what can we do,
When they’re so big and tall?
See, they’ve taken nest and all!

“Now no little birds will come—
We had such a pretty home;
Chip, chip, chip, chip, oh! oh! oh!
Boys, how could you treat us so?

“Cats are troublesome, I find,
Yet I do not greatly mind,
For I quickly drove away,
That big black one, yesterday.

“The old jay-bird swiftly flew,
When he found my bill was due,
And I thought I could defend,
From our foes, on every hand.

“Cheer up, cheer up, do not cry,
From this bad place, we will fly,
Far away, to woodlands green,
Where a boy was never seen.”

The Squirrel's Story.

S HALL I tell of a little adventure one day?
I do not believe in all work, and no play,
And so, when off duty, being ready for fun,
One bright afternoon I prepared for a run
In the woods, ere dame Nature was ready, you know,
To cover her beauties all under the snow.

I gathered a cluster of pretty bright leaves,
And a bunch of brown grasses, to make into sheaves,
And a lot of wood mosses, which, doubtless you know,
On baskets and brackets so prettily show;
When I'd gathered all I could possibly carry,
And was just about starting for home, in a hurry,

I saw a blithe squirrel run up a high tree,
With a chatter as merry, as merry could be;
He whisked his fine tail proudly over his back,
As he said, "Don't you see, I've a nut to crack?
Chick, chick, chick-a-ree, chick, chick-a-ree,
I have such a nice nut for my dinner," said he.

"And where do you think such a dainty was found?
Why, under a leaf, hidden half in the ground,
Just where mother Nature had put it for me,
Down under the branch of a hickory tree;
Chick, chick, chick-a-ree, chick-a-ree-ra,
My feast will be royal for dinner to-day.

"The shell it is hard, but the kernel is sweet,
And so I must labor before I can eat;
The breaking will be a light matter to do,

I have such a fine set of nut-crackers, you know.
Now, would'nt you like to take dinner with me,
And dine on a luscious, fat hick-hick-a-ree?

"Old Winter is coming, with frost and with snow,
Yet little care I for his bluster and blow;
With a warm bushy tail to spread over my back,
And my house full of nuts, just the nicest, to crack,
Old Winter may howl, but he can't frighten me,
In my snug little house, in the old hollow tree.

"And my dear lady, I'll bid you good bye,
Dame Frisky is calling, away I must hie;
But stop while I tell, with a wee bit of pride,
That we for some little ones, too, must provide,—
The dear little brownies,—I wish you could see
How cutely they cuddle at home in the tree.

"Go tell the young folks, they'll find it is true,
That there is a deal of nut-cracking to do;
The harder the cover, the richer the meat,
So work away bravely, and never retreat;
If any should starve, the true reason will be,
That they are not good at nut-cracking, you see.

"Give them my best wishes. Now Madam, good day,—
To my wife and wee brownies, I'll scamper away."
With a frisk and a bound, and a "chick-chick-a-ree,"
He was off, in a trice, for the old hollow tree.
Then I came away, with leaves, mosses, and grasses,
And the Squirrel's long tale for the laddies and lassies.

The Wrens and the Well.

SOME little wrens, to build their nest,
Sought out a place to please them best,
And chose, 'tis somewhat strange to tell,
The pump that stood above the well.
Said Dick, "'Tis such a cunning place,
This cosy, little open space."

"The very spot," said Nelly Wren,
As she flew in and out again.

"But is it not quite dark below?"
Said Dick, "I noticed it was so,
But if we work, without a doubt,
We soon can fill it, to the spout;
I will commence, this very day,
To gather twigs, and moss, and hay,
Nor rest, till in this sly retreat,
Our little nest is all complete."

And so, with merry, chirping song,
They gathered treasure all day long,
Now flying here, now flying there,
Where there was twig, and shred to spare,
And dropped them down, with some surprise,
Because their structure did not rise;
Said Nelly, "Don't you think it queer?"
And Dick replied, "I do, my dear,"
Yet still they toiled, early and late,—
Content to labor and to wait.

When Kate the water came to draw
She pumped out many a twig, and straw,
Which, throwing near upon the ground,
By Dick, the treasure soon was found.
“See, Nelly! this is fine, indeed,
Behold the very twigs we need;”
And then with less of wit, than will,
They gathered up, and dropped them still,

At last, lamenting so much loss
Of time and labor, at such cost,
We covered up the chosen place,
An act they deemed a great disgrace;
You should have heard dame Nelly scold,
As, to her mate, the tale she told,
Who said, as plain as bird could say,
“For shame! to treat us in this way,
When we have toiled so hard and long,—
They shall not have another song.”

But to appease the little wrens,
And still retain them as our friends,
A dainty box was soon provided,
Where they have ever since resided.

My MORAL needs not many words;
Take warning from the little birds,
Lest in what you attempt to do,
The twigs are ever falling through;
Or that, perchance, when turned about,
Some ruthless hand shall pump them out,
And that your structure may endure,
Seek a foundation firm and sure.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SONGS.

Work to do for Jesus.

MUSIC BY REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

“The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.”

THERE is work to do for Jesus,
Yes, a glorious work to do,
For a harvest fully ripened,
Rich and golden, lies in view;
With a prayer to God, our Father,
Let us all the work pursue,
For our risen Lord is calling,
And the harvesters are few.

Chorus.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,
And the harvest is in view,
There's a great work everywhere to do,
There is work to do for Jesus,
And the harvesters are few,
There's enough work for all to do.

There is work to do for Jesus,
And we hear the Saviour say,
“Why art standing here so idle,
At the noontide on the way?”

Even now I will accept thee;
With the rest, thy wages pay;
Go and labor in my vineyard,
Till the closing of the day."

Chorus.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,
Who will answer to the call?
See! the vintage is abundant,
There is work to do for all;
God commands that we should labor,
Though the task our hearts appall,
For he claimeth our life-service,
Till the shades of death shall fall.

Chorus.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,
And the harvest is in view,
There's a great work everywhere to do,
There is work to do for Jesus,
And the harvesters are few,
There's enough work for all to do.



Never Forget.

MUSIC BY PROF. J. W. BISCHOFF.

“Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.”

NEVER forget that the SAVIOUR is near,
Asking if thou wilt receive him;
He will protect, from all danger and fear,
Those who love, trust, and believe him.

Chorus.

Never forget, never forget
Jesus is near, oh! receive him,
He will come in, banish all sin,
Cheerfully trust, and believe him.

Never forget that the MASTER is near,
All of thy life he is reviewing,
How shall the record before him appear,
Art thou his precepts pursuing?

Chorus.

Never forget the GOOD SHEPHERD is near,
Patiently leading, and guiding;
Turn not away, lest his voice thou shalt hear,
Tenderly pleading, and chiding.

Chorus.

Never forget the REDEEMER is near.
Nor the dear ransom once given,
If we accept, love, and honor him here,
We shall dwell with him in Heaven.

Chorus.

*A Child's Idea of Snow;**

OR,

FALLING FEATHERS.

MUSIC BY PROF. J. W. BISCHOFF.

“**M**A-MA,” said little Nellie,
“May brother Frank and I,
Go out and catch the feathers,
That are falling from the sky?
We will make them into pillows,
For the needy and the poor;
There’s enough for me already
Just about our cottage door.

Chorus.

“Oh! see, Mother, they are lying
All about our cottage door;
May we make them into pillows,
For the needy and the poor?

“They are clinging to the willows,
Over little sister’s bed,
Where you laid her in the summer,
With the rose-bush at her head;
She does not need the feathers,
Or earth’s blessings any more;
May we make them into pillows,
For the needy and the poor?

Chorus.

* Written at Brockport, N. Y., Collegiate Institute, 1858.

“Last night, you know, you told me,
When I said my bed was cold,
That there are many children,
And many who are old,
Who have no nice new clothing,
To protect them from the storm,
And who have no beds of feathers,
To keep them snug and warm.

Chorus.

“And, Mother, I remembered,
As I grew warm in bed,
All about those needy children,
And I thought of what you said,
And I asked our Heavenly Father,
To protect them from the storm,
And give them beds of feathers,
To keep them snug and warm.

Chorus.

“When we awoke this morning,
Little brother Frank and I,
We beheld the feathers falling,
Very thickly, from the sky;—
Oh! see, Mother, they are lying
All about our cottage door;
May we make them into pillows,
For the needy and the poor?”

Chorus.

Seek Jesus.

MUSIC BY REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

"Those that seek me early shall find me."

SEEK JESUS, seek Jesus,
In childhood and youth,
For they that seek early shall find,
His word hath declared it,
How precious the truth,
The promise, how loving and kind.

Chorus.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
For they that seek early, shall find him,
He is the true way,
O! do not delay,
Seek Jesus, O! seek him to-day.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
Ere evil days come,
When thou canst no pleasure obtain,
Lest weary, and fainting,
And longing for home,
Ye wander, and seek him in vain.

Chorus.

Seek Jesus, Seek Jesus,
While yet he is near,
And he, thy Good Shepherd will be;
His arms shall enfold thee,
From danger and fear,
His life he hath given for thee.

Chorus.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
While he may be found,
His love, and compassion are free,
And he will receive thee,
Where true joys abound,
For Jesus is seeking for thee.

Chorus.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
For they that seek early, shall find him,
He is the true way,
O! do not delay,
Seek Jesus, O! seek him to-day.



POEMS IN MEMORIAM.

Falling Leaves.

THE first fading leaves of September,
Are fluttering downward to earth,
As if they would bid us remember,
That death follows quickly on birth.

So recently waving in beauty,
Responding to each summer breath,—
Now falling, in humble leaf duty,
To teach us the lessons of death.

They whisper, and sigh, as they tremble,
As if to their comrades to say,
“ ’Tis useless for us to dissemble,
You shortly must follow this way.

“The bright days of summer are over,
And we, who hung high in our prime,
Have been but the first to discover,
That leaves must all wither in time.

“You may cling till the frost gives you warning,
By chilling your veins with the cold,
Your green tints of summer all turning
To crimson, and purple, and gold.

“In those brilliant hues, though you glory,
Your fate is the lot of us all,
Repeating the often told story,
That leaves in their season must fall.”

The Dying Year.

’TIS the last lone hour, of the dying year,
And the winds are sighing, low and drear,
As they toss the sleet, half snow, half rain,
Like gusts of sand, ’gainst the window-pane,
As I listen to hear the gladsome shout,
“The New Year in, and the Old Year out.”

No one grieves for the Old Year’s death,
As they wait for his latest, failing breath;
For now, that his glory and prime are o’er,
He may go, as the years have gone before,
Where the bells of Time are joyfully rung,
O’er the birth of the New Year, fresh and young.

Could a bard of the Ages truly sing,
Of the changes this same New Year may bring,
His song, translated, would be like this:

“While some may quaff from a cup of bliss,
Alas! for those who must sadly know,
How bitter the dregs in a cup of woe.”

Yet gladly we hail thee, bright New Year,
With words of welcome, and songs of cheer,
When spring-time, and summer, and autumn are past,
Old winter shall grizzle thy beard at last,—
And thou, when thy glory and prime are o’er,
Shalt go, as the years have gone before.

The years they come, and the years they go,
While Time, with a tide of ceaseless flow,
Is bearing us on, through her changing hours,
Now under the shadows, now ’mid the flowers,
But ever anon, toward Eternity’s shore,
Where Time, with his changes, shall come no more.



The Severed Bud.

THE Master came into
A garden one day,
To view its bright verdure,
In lovely array.

He scanned each fair blossom,
Marked every flower well,
Till his eye, on a beautiful,
Tender bud fell.

Dark clouds are portending,
The storms that must come;
He said, "This sweet bud,
I must bear to my home."

He shielded it kindly
From Earth's chilling breath,
But the gardeners wept,
As they spoke of "cold death."

With a voice of compassion,
The Master then said,
"That liveth forever,
Why mourn ye as dead?"

"Weep not for the bud,
Which in love, I must sever,
In my Father's abode
It shall blossom forever."

*Stella.**

WE have laid our little treasure
In the cold and silent tomb,
She who brought us sweetest pleasure,
Now hath left us saddest gloom,

Sorrow rests where joy is banished,
Like dim shadows of the night,
For our little star hath vanished
To the world of heavenly light.

When the cares of day are ended,
And the twilight hour has come,
How our thoughts of her are blended,
With the sweet delights of home.

How we miss the bird-like prattle
Of the voice to us so sweet;
Shall we hear no more the patter
Of the little coming feet?

Now, how dear each trifling token
Of her mimic work, or play,
Since life's golden bowl is broken,
We must lay them all away.

Folded every little garment,
Fashioned with such loving care,
For she needs not earthly raiment,
Who hath Angel robes to wear.

* Daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Gilman, Jacksonville, Ill., Jan. 1871.

Stella, gentle star to guide us,
 Still our precious one shall be,
 For she walketh still beside us,
 In a sacred memory.

No, the grave hath but the casket,
 And our little star-like gem,
 Ransomed by the blessed Saviour,
 Sparkles in his diadem.

*Dying Anthem.**

A DARK pall of gloom was falling
 On a home, all bright and fair,
 For the angel, Death, was calling,
 For a treasure which was there.

A dear child, that had been given,
 As first boon to wedded love,
 Now from hearts, by sorrow riven,
 Was recalled to Heaven above.

Budded through sweet years of childhood,
 In fair maidenhood's fresh bloom,
 Drooping, was this fragile flower,
 To the cold and silent tomb.

Loving hearts were nearly breaking,
 With their weight of grief and woe,
 They so joyous at her coming,
 Were so loth to have her go;

When she broke forth into singing,
In the midst of mortal pain,
Those who heard that thrilling Anthem,
Ne'er will hear such song again.

Low and tender, sweet and bird-like,
Angel eyes could only see,
What it was that gave such pathos,
To her dying melody.

Every sob was hushed to silence,
Grief, enchanted at the sound,
Listened, as she sang of glory,
While she waited for her crown.

Lower,—fainter,—fell the numbers,—
Till they could not catch her song,
As she passed the golden portals,
Welcomed by an Angel throng.

* Dedicated to Mrs. T. L. Myler, Pittsburgh, Pa., 1866.



The Dying Wife and Mother.

O WHY is this weeping, this sighing?
And why comes so quickly my breath?
Tell me, Dear, can this be dying?
Are these, the dim shadows of death?

Am I on the brink of that river,
So cold,—and so dark?—quickly o'er,
I shall dwell with my Saviour forever;
He waits on the beautiful shore.

Yet why, in my heart, is this tumult?
And why in my soul, constant strife?
Desiring to go, and be with him,
Still clinging so fondly to life.))

I faint!—let thine arm, Love, enfold me,
And pillow my head on thy breast,—
(How tender the ties that withhold me,
How ardent my longing for rest.))

(O Father, watch over my treasures,)
How sweet were the comfort to know,
(That we may regather in Heaven,
The jewels thou gavest below.

For my sake, my Dear, you will cherish
Our darlings, with tenderest care,
Guide early their footsteps toward Heaven,
For I shall await you all there.

Have I no earthly token to offer,
No gifts of love to bestow,
No words of counsel to proffer,
For the dear ones who shall know

(No longer a mother's caressing?
O say to my precious ones this,
That I asked for them Heaven's rich blessing,
And a home in the mansions of bliss,
That I prayed the Good Shepherd would fold them,
My dear little lambs, to his breast,
More precious by far, such enfolding,
Than mother's most tender caress;

For he will both guard, and will guide them,
Will shield from all danger and harms,
If need be, will tenderly chide them,
He who beareth the lambs in his arms.

I am weary with pain, and yet thinking
That earth, with its joys, is so bright,—
O pardon me, Father, for shrinking,
On the verge of life's billowy night.

(Yes, Jesus I know will be with me,
And there are no shadows above,
To veil from my vision his glory,
Or curtain his bountiful love.

(More light,—throw the casement wide open,—
My dear ones again I would see,—
'Tis vain, for the shadows still deepen,—
And an Angel—is waiting—for—me.

POEMS OF TEMPERANCE.

Crusade Song.

MOTTO: JEHOVAH-NISSI, THE LORD OUR BANNER.

Tune: "Rally round the Flag."

LET us rally round the banner,
Rally once again,
Raising our united voice in prayer,
For we have a precious promise,
That it shall not be in vain;
Then rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

Chorus.

Our brothers forever,
Our joy, and our pride,
Oh, that they may never,
Be borne on the tide,
To the fearful, fatal vortex,
Where multitudes have died;
Rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

We have turned to Legislation,
But she gave us no redress,
No covert from the dark, deluding snare.

We enlisted Moral Suasion,
She effected even less;
Now we turn to God, and trust in prayer.

Chorus.

We are weak, and faint, and weary,
But our ADVOCATE is strong,
Then let us cast on him our every care,
With "THE LORD" upon our banner,
We will rally with our song,
Rally all, with earnest, pleading prayer.

Chorus.

Then we'll rally round the banner,
Again, and yet again;
Surely the way he will prepare,
He is leading in the battle,
And can turn the hearts of men,
Then rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

Chorus.

Our brothers forever,
Our joy, and our pride,
Oh, that they may never
Be borne on the tide,
To the fearful, fatal vortex,
Where multitudes have died;
Rally with earnest, pleading prayer.

A Foe in the Land.

THERE'S an enemy at hand,
Shall we forward march, or stand,
While there is within our land, a deadly foe?
Foe that charges on the soul,
Lurking in the sparkling bowl,
Luring on to folly, ruin, crime and woe.

Chorus.

On, on, on, the foe is marching,
Bearing to death a mighty throng;
Let us rally at the call,
Rally bravely, one and all,
God is leading in the battle
'Gainst the wrong.

'Tis a foe with smiling face,
Who with winsome, charming grace,
Binds his victim first with frailest silken band;
But his power will increase,
He will banish joy and peace,
As he holds with fatal grasp, and iron hand.

Chorus.

Rally for that noble son,
Rally for the precious one,
Upon whom the light and joy of life depend;

Are thy treasures all secure?—
Hast thou nothing to endure?—
Rally then with tender heart, for neighbor—friend.

Chorus.

Forward march, without delay,
Or the foe may win the day,
He is raising new recruits on every hand;
Forward! with the battle-cry,
Those we love may surely die,
If we do not rout the foe within the land.

Chorus.

On, on, on, the foe is marching,
Bearing to death a mighty throng;
Let us rally at the call,
Rally bravely, one and all,
God is leading in the battle
'Gainst the wrong.

“Look not upon the Wine.”

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red. * * * At the last, it
biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

LOOK not on the wine,
Though it sparkle so brightly,
And proffers its victims
Elysian bliss.
For could'st thou but read,
What it promises, rightly,
The note of its warning,
Would surely be this:

“Oh! pray that the tempter,
Forever forsake thee,
Trust not the allurements
Of brandy, or wine,
Lest fearful destruction,
Shall quickly o’ertake thee,
And Death shall enroll thee,
A victim of mine.”

The angel of Pity,
With sadness, is viewing,
Thy tottering steps,
Near that fearful abyss,

Where thousands are wild
 Fiery phantoms pursuing,
Where serpents are gliding,
 Where scorpions hiss.

How fearful the vision!
 How fatal the real!—
Then pause, ere the death-giving
 Beverage thou sup,
Or thou too, shalt learn
 That it is not ideal,
To talk of the demons,
 That lurk in the cup.



A Strike against Alcohol.

A GRAND strike is surely pending,
Rally brothers! one and all;
Strike! against the cruel wages
Of the tyrant, Alcohol.
He defrauds you of your earnings,
Of your manhood, and good name,
While he pays in wretched coinage,
That can bring you only shame.

He is asking for your favor,
In the pittance that he pays,
For the privilege of murder,
In our alleys and highways;
For the blackest crimes committed
O'er the nation, one and all,
Are incited by the fury
Of the démon Alcohol.

Our dark prison walls are telling
Of his fearful deeds of blood,
And a tide of crime is surging
O'er the nation, like a flood;
Fraud, 'mid splendor, in high places,
Want and wretchedness, in low,
Is the price that we are paying,
For our liquor revenue.

He alone could send the bullet,
Through our noble Lincoln's brain,
He alone applies the torches,
To the fierce, death-dealing train;
Eagerly he clasps the pistol,
Brandishes the glittering knife,
Thrusts aside the angel, Mercy,
As she pleads for precious life.

Will you longer serve the robber?
Shall his stealthy jewelled hand
Clasp the fetters that enslave you,
Abject slave at his command?
Scorn his bribes, and spurn his proffers,
Rally brothers! one and all;
Strike! against the cruel wages,
Of the tyrant, Alcohol.



Two Tables at the Banquet:

OR,

SONG OF A POLITIC LAWYER.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

TWO tables were spread for the banquet,
Prepared with fastidious care,
Snowy and spotless the linen,
And faultless the elegant ware;
The viands were rich and abundant,
Substantial, and fancy, and fine,
Displaying the rarest attractions,
Which ladies know how to combine,
There were signs of a conflict with turkey,
There were hints of a triumph o'er tongue,
A conquest so needful for lawyers,
Retained for the right, or the wrong.
There were salads, and jellies, and russes,
And often on toast there occurred
A savory, mute protestation,
Against the hushed song of a bird.
In fact all the elegant dainties,
A generous purse could supply,
Were furnished in lavish profusion,
To please both the taste, and the eye.
The service of glass, and of silver,
To all gave a glittering sheen,

Entrancing the eye of beholder,
A charming and fairy-like scene.
And beautiful flowers were added,—
The Eden-like touch that is given,
To carry us back to the garden,
And beckon us onward to Heaven.

All this was in commemoration,
In modernized tin-wedding plan,
Of man, who in business relation,
Had ten years, been wedded to man.
Success in the legal profession,
Had earned them a recognized name,
The firm had abundantly prospered,
Won fortune, and favor, and fame.
At last, when all things were made ready,
And the guests, who from far, and from near,
Had come to partake of the bounty,
And join in the festival cheer,
Were bidden around the two tables,
So sumptuous, tempting and fine,—
Lo! one was adorned with red ribbon,
The other was sparkling with wine.

Said the host to the parties assembled,—
(Or thus I'll suppose that he said;
For acts speak a very plain language,
And the wine, and the ribbon are read:)

SONG.

“A Word to explain the adornments,
Which, gentlemen, here you perceive,
We’ve had a ‘Red Ribbon’ revival,
A Temperance move, I believe.
In fact it is really surprising,
The furor this ribbon has made.
It is worn by all classes of people,
Of every profession and trade.
Judge Blank has put on the red ribbon,
For *him*, ’twas a very good plan,
We know that the Judge, for these ten years,
Has been but the wreck of a man;
And yet, he has very fine talents,
When he was admitted, they say,
The judges and bar all predicted,
He’d make a great leader, some day;
I hope he will hold to his purpose,
He’s rowing against a high tide,—
I fear he will find in the trial,
He’s retained on a very hard side.

.

“Young Thorp, who last year was admitted,
He could not let liquor alone,
We thought he had gone to the—Dickens,
But he has the red ribbon on;

We thought he disgraced our profession,
Looked on him with pity, and shame;
He's showing he has the true metal,
And yet may win honor, and fame.

"There's Smith, whom we sent up to prison,
'Best place for the rogue,' people said,
If he had but worn the red ribbon,
It might have done wonders for Fred.
At heart he was not a bad fellow,
But drinking led on to his crime;
I hope he will learn to keep sober,—
Twelve years will give plenty of time,
And Ryan, and Flynn, and the other,
All three, went for whiskey, you know;
If they all had worn the red ribbon,
That surely need not have been so.

"And Tyler, the fellow, who madly
The bullet applied to his brain,—
'Tis fearful to think of his conflict,
With wretchedness, guilt, and the pain,
That led him to welcome the horrors
Of death, and the gloom of the grave,
To flee from himself, and temptation,
From whom none were able to save.
'Twas said, he was vile, no doubt truly,
And yet such a death, on the whole,

Proclaims, by a fearful self-loathing,
There was a fair side to his soul.
For his mother, he left a sad letter,
Said his life had been wicked, and wild,
And asked that he might be remembered,
As he was, when an innocent child;
And added, 'Tell all to take warning,
If they from the curse would be free,
To *shun the first glass*, for 'twas drinking,
That brought all this ruin to me;
Forgive all my madness and folly,
To mend, it is useless to try,—
To save further anguish and trouble,
It is only left me—to die.'

"Poor fellow! his life was a failure,
And it is surprising of late,—
How often, in very high circles,
We read of a similar fate.

"The saddest of all was the woman,
The suicide, heiress, and bride,
Who left the fair home of her childhood,
Of luxury, culture, and pride;
Who gave all the wealth of affection,
That lady to lover could give,—
And pictured the future an Eden,
Where she and her hero, would live.

Alas for the fatal delusion!

Ere the honey-moon passed in its flight,
Her idol lay cruelly shattered,

And there was revealed to her sight,
A form, so debased and repellent,
That she, who was gentle and pure,
Sought death, to be free from the presence,
Which she could no longer endure.

How fresh were the vows at the altar,
Transforming the maiden, to wife,—
The vows, to love, honor and cherish,
As long as God granted her life.

What pencil can picture the anguish,
That led to her bitter despair,
When nothing was left her to honor,
And Love, broken-hearted, was there?

Oh pitiful, pitiful picture!

The suicide, heiress, and bride,
How worse than alone was her dying,
Who died by a drunken man's side?

'Tis well for these Temperance People
To rally, and do what they can,
Against such a terrible evil,
To woman, as well as to man.

“Now many, for whom it seemed useless
To labor, or even to pray,

Are taking a turn for the better,
And wear the 'Red Ribbon' to-day.
'Old Sharp' has put on the regalia,—
The hardest old toper in town,
Last night he was one of the speakers,—
They say he just brought the house down;
His wife was the belle of her season,
And he, the 'best catch,' I am told,
One hardly could think, or believe it,
To see them, so shabby and old.
The friends of his youth have disowned him,
She's clung to him all of these years,
And a sad sorry life he has led her,
In poverty, shame, and in tears.
But now she looks cheerful and happy,
And truly seems proud of 'Old Ben,'
And says, 'If he only keeps sober,
He's one of the noblest of men.'

"This will be a good thing for our city,
We needed a check upon rum,
'Twill do away largely with evil,
And brighten up many a home;
'T will lighten the tax on the people,
For poverty, madness, and crimes,*
It will strengthen the hands of true labor,
And help us to banish hard times.

“Still, there are two sides to the question,
And judges, and lawyers all know,
That to side with a temperance movement,
For legal men, never would do.
A few of our colleagues have tried it,
But they will all find, in the end,
That they have lost caste in the market
Where patronage is the best friend.
One must live by his trade, or profession,
And liquor-men always are free;
The profits so easily gathered,
They do not begrudge in a fee,—
The State is a splendid paymaster,
And she pays the bills for the crime,
That gives us so much occupation,
And pays us so well for our time,—
Then there are the upright, and sober,
Their patronage we must secure,
For such men, for all litigation,
Make payment, substantial, and sure.
But here is a fact to make note of,
As the current is shown by a straw,
These temperate, good sort of people,
Very rarely resort to the law.

“Yes! there are two sides to the question,
To please all that we may be able,

We have at the banquet before you,
 A 'Wine,' and 'Red Ribbon' table:
 Remember, this is a free country,—
 Each man is a king, in his own,
 And welcome to do as he pleases,
 To drink, or to let it alone."

* WHAT THE JUDGES SAY.

"Almost every crime has its origin, more or less in drinking. Ninety-nine cases out of every hundred are caused by drinking."—*Judge Garney.*

"If all men could be persuaded from the use of intoxicating drinks, the office of Judge would be a sinecure."—*Judge Alderson.*

"But for the offenses brought on by the excessive use of intoxicating liquor, the courts of justice might nearly be shut up."—*Judge Coleridge.*

Awakened.

In answer to the question, "Do I dream, or is this real?"

N O, ah no! thou art not dreaming,
 Better far than simply seeming,—
 Truer than dim faint ideal,
 Is the living present real.

See ye not yon waving banner?
 Hear ye not the glad Hosanna?
 Sure it is no phantom throng,
 Which bears the flag, and sings the song.

Behold they march with rapid stride!
Each cheers the comrade by his side,
With peace, joy, love and life to gain,
And all to lose, if basely slain.

With arms presented now they stand,
In one long phalanx brave and grand;
And bid defiance to the thrall,
Of that grim tyrant, Alcohol.

Oh! blest awak'ning of this hour,
To see him shorn of his dark power;
To see strong men, throw off his chain,—
The weak and faint, take heart again.

Then bid adieu to darksome night,
And hail with joy the breaking light,
Behold, the dawn is grandly beaming!
Ah no! my friend, this is not dreaming.



Prohibition.

Read before the Literary Societies of CENTRAL UNIVERSITY, Pella, Iowa,
June, 1876.

OF THE History of Nations,
Which upon Time's page appears,
There is one whose life is numbered,
Only by a hundred years.
This we claim as mother country,
And she challenges to-day,
All the world to view the wonders,
Of our land of Liberty.

It becomes us who are living,
In this educating age,
To trace carefully the verdict,
On this written, changeless page,
Striving to work out the problem,
How, midst earthly care and strife,
We may serve the noblest purpose,
Of a brief allotted life.

We are called a working people,
There is honor in the name,
We could ask for nothing better,
In the calendar of Fame:
"Work for Right," upon our banners,
O'er the land should be unfurled,
And our works should represent us,
Men and women, to the world.

Shall we tarry for a moment,
With the very brief relation,
How prosperity hath crowned us,
Throughout this noble Nation;
How her hills and vales have blossomed,
And her rich, prolific soil,
Hath abundant harvest yielded,
To repay the tiller's toil?

Her broad lakes, and winding rivers,
On their sun-kissed tide have borne,
Freight, which brings into her coffers,
Wealth abundant, in return.
Her grand hills are stored with treasure,
And her caverns, deep and low,
Have burst forth with oil of gladness,
Light and comfort to bestow.

In this great and growing nation,
Very justly we take pride,
And rejoice in the progression,
Manifest on every every side.
Towering churches, spacious mansions,
Meet the eye on either hand,
While her stately HALLS OF LEARNING,
Rise in grandeur o'er the land.

Monuments of spotless marble,
Towering heavenward, proclaim
Where our honored dead are lying,
Who have won undying fame.
Some have fought our battles for us,
And have perished in the strife,
Thus bequeathing to the nation
Sacred trust, with precious life.

As we meet to scatter blossoms,
Where our fallen soldiers lie,
May we prize the gift of Freedom,
Boon for which they dared to die;
And from Lincoln's tomb of grandeur,
To the humblest unknown grave,
May we honor all the fallen,
Who have died their land to save.

Do we glory in our triumphs,
Let it be with modest grace,
Not forgetting the dark shadows
Which remain yet to efface,
Ere our land among the nations
Stands as honest, brave and true,
With a band of unbought rulers,
And no liquor revenue.

Wake the song of PROHIBITION,
Swell the chorus loud and long;
Of the Anthems of the nation,
Ne'er was heard a nobler song;
It will lift a veil of sorrow,
Many a hearth-fire make more bright,
It will banish giant evil,
It will aid the truth and right.

All humanity that suffers,
From humanity may claim
Helping hand, when reaching upward
To a better life again.
As we strive to raise the fallen,
May we not do something more,
In removing the temptation,
And the tempter from the door?

Not alone into the hovel,
 Stalks the demon of the night,
It is found within the mansion,
 With its dark and withering blight.
Here, one reared in degradation,
 Is borne on the seething tide,
And hard by, a struggling victim,
 From the ranks of wealth and pride.

Is a tower less a prison,
 For its gilded burnished dome?
Is the palace barricaded
 Where this evil may not come?
While the lowest of the lowest,
 Sink into the drunkard's grave,
It has also claimed the noble,
 And the bravest of the brave.

Shall we boast our Schools of Science,
 Blended with ennobling art,—
Shall we boast our land of Freedom,
 Dear to every patriot heart,
While we harbor in our borders,
 Schools which train our youth in vice,
Schools protected by the people,
 Chartered, licensed, for a price?

Shall we say to liquor dealers,
Who deal out the dole of death,
"Share with us your purchase money,
You shall stand no guilt beneath?"
Shall we hold the reeling victim,
Till he stands upon his feet,
To be lured into the dram shop,
And make ruin more complete?

Many brave and fearless heroes,
Gave their lives our land to save;
We have passed Charybdis' vortex,
Must we sink 'neath Scylla's wave?
Let us rally to the rescue!
Meet this tyrant of the bowl,
Who is holding slaves by thousands,
Fettered heart and hand and soul.

Freedom's grandest gift, the franchise,
Tarnish not by spot or stain,
Sell it not for price or party,
Give it not for greed or gain.
When each voter, in the ballot
Seeks the people's greatest good,
Then the mighty voice of franchise,
Shall proclaim true brotherhood.

Aid no wrong, for price or party,
Is a law of life and love;
Have no fellowship with evil,
Said our Saviour, but reprove.
All the tide that leads to ruin,
Though we may not, can not stay,
Shall our "bonds approved," and "license,"
Speed the deluge on its way?

Ladies hold your power not lightly,
You may lead, and not control,
Shun the wine, and the wine-bibber,
As you value life and soul.
If you cannot hold to virtue,
To a sober upright life,
Do not trust your power to rescue,
In the higher sphere of wife.

What will maiden charms avail you,
To make beautiful the home,
Where the senseless, maddened drunkard,
To its sacred shrines must come?
He may furnish you a palace,
Decked by aid of every art,
But he never can afford you,
A true temple for the heart.

By the homes we so much cherish,
For our daughters, fair and true,
And our sons so brave and noble,
May we all this pledge renew,
"Onward ever in the contest!"
Each in our appointed way,
With voice of love, and power of ballot,
This dark pestilence to stay.

With the grandly closing cycle,
Of the waning century,
Rounded now since our forefathers
Raised the flag of Liberty,
May we sign a declaration,
Independent of the power,
That is holding this great nation
In such bondage at this hour.

Raise the flag of PROHIBITION,
Rear the unfurled banner high,
Over all our favored nation,
Bear it on to victory.
Ours will be a truer people,
Worthier of their birthright, when
To prohibit this vile traffic,
Stand enrolled our noblest men.

Similes.

LIKE pearls of dew in the bells of flowers,
Like songs of birds in the leafy bowers.
Like the gentle patter of welcome rain,
Falls a soothing word on a burdened brain.

As peace which follows the battle's strife,
Which soothes yet quickens the pulse of life
So Charity's voice on an erring heart,
May love for a holier life impart.

Like the first born blossoms of early spring,
Which smile in the joy and gladness they bring,
Thus a cheering word may new life bestow,
To a heart frost-bound by Adversity's snow.

As fresh as dew on the thirsty corn,
As fair as the roseate hues of morn,
As bright as stars in heaven's azure blue,
Are the words and deeds, of a friend proved true.

POEMS OF PATRIOTISM.

Birth-day of Freedom.

USHERED IN BY THE IMMORTAL PROCLAMATION OF OUR
MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

HAIL! new birth-day of the Nation,
Of the glorious proclamation,
All our fighting was in vain,
We had learned the lesson slowly,
That we must become more lowly,
That we must be born again.

Born all free from vile pollution
Of the cursed institution,
Which robs labor of reward;
Evil that hath banished kindness,
Caused secession, madness, blindness,
Roar of cannon, clash of sword.

All in vain the expiation,
With the fresh blood of the nation;
All in vain our strength and might;

We had seen our fate impending,
We were to destruction tending,
Lest we battle for the right.

Since the mighty words were spoken,
"Every bond is hereby broken,
And our Nation shall be free,"
We, with heart and hand united,
And with faith all newly plighted,
Have pressed on to victory.

Onward still! ye brave and fearless,
With a cause no longer cheerless;
Forward march and firmly stand,
In the ranks where noble brothers,
Best beloved of wives and mothers,
Battle for their native land.

Turn not back, nor yield, nor falter,
If upon thy Country's altar,
Thou shouldst perish in the strife;
Shrink not, let the Nation's honor—
Freedom, with no stain upon her,
Be more precious far than life.

Glorious birth-day of the Nation!
Faithful, fearless proclamation!
Weapon forged by powerful hand;
Bravely wielded from this hour,
It shall crush with mighty power,
Treason throughout all the land.

*Theodore E. Baker.**

THERE are sorrowing, mourning hearts to-day,
For this patriot son, who has passed away
From the warring, tumultuous scenes of Earth;
And ere I speak of his manly worth,
I would pause with them, who held him dear,
To shed in sorrow, a mourner's tear.

I knew him as generous, noble and kind,
Rich in treasure of heart and mind,
Amiable, gentle, courageous and just,
Ever faithful in duty, true to his trust;
Thus rarely combining the virtues that blend,
In the faithful instructor, son, brother and friend.

When the Nation called to her valiant sons,
He, with ready voice replied, "I come;"
For could she ask in her hour of need,
And a son so loyal take no heed?
Manfully, cheerfully, left he all
That he loved on Earth, when he heard that call.

Bravely he fought, and long, and well,
Unharm'd by the death-charged shot or shell,
While thickly around, on every side,
Wounded and bleeding, his comrades died,
And those who loved him trusted that he
Would live to rejoice in our Nation free.

When the fearful din of the battle was o'er,
And the boom of cannon was heard no more,
But shrieks of anguish were rending the air,
And the moans of the dying heard everywhere,
It was his to soothe the sinking heart,
And strength of hope, and faith impart.

But alas! for the toil of that fatal day,
To disease and exhaustion he fell the prey;
Though he perished not in the bloody strife,
To the Nation's cause he gave his life.
Methinks that for many such offerings given,
Our jewels of Earth must win favor from Heaven.

Alas! alas! for our bleeding land,
There is sorrow and mourning on every hand,
For all our grand triumphs, so valiant to gain,
Sad tears of bereavement are falling like rain.
O, remember each fallen, each patriot son,
When ye shout with glad voices, the victory won.

* THEODORE E. BAKER, a graduate of the UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER, in the class of 1857, was associated with the author, as one of the faculty of the Brockport, N. Y., Collegiate Institute, being Professor of Languages therein from 1857 to 1860. He enlisted in the Chicago "Board of Trade Battery," August 1, 1862, for three years' service, and died at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, June 1, 1863.

*Home Again.**

“HOME again!” with thrilling accent,
Sprang from lips the magic word,
Quickening every pulse and heart throb,
Where the well known voice was heard.

Home from war’s dark scenes of conflict;
Home from prison’s darker gloom;
He had thought ere this glad moment,
To have found a stranger’s tomb.

Oh, the torture of those hours,
Burning hunger thirst and pain,
Yet he thinks not of their anguish,
Now that he is *Home* again.

Joyous Frank and gentle Nellie,
He had greeted just before,
And on either side supported,
Enters now the open door.

Seeking first, her, best beloved,
Where he finds a glad surprise,
Beaming from each radiant feature,
Glancing from those up-turned eyes.

Him, the idol of the maiden,
Dearest treasure of the wife,
She with loyal heart had yielded,
For the Nation’s trembling life.

What glad tumult fills her bosom,
Recompense for waiting pain,
For the land she loves is rescued,
Whom she gave is *Home* again.

Mother, name scarce less endearing,
Manifests maternal joy,
As she stands in mute thanksgiving,
That God hath restored her boy.

Others called him Captain, Colonel,
Even General though he be,
She but sees her noble Edward,
Merry boy of yesterday.

Father gravely waits a greeting,
Age hath silvered o'er his hair,
Else he too had joined the conflict,
For his heart had followed there.

All are joyous at his coming,
'Tis a cheerful happy sight;
Even Carlo bounding forward,
Plainly shows a dog's delight.

Only one is shy and doubting,
Little prattling Baby May,
She has learned to lisp of Pa-pa,
Yet she knows him not to-day.

Yes, it is a gladsome picture,
 Yet with joy it giveth pain,
 When we think of precious thousands,
 Never to come *Home* again.

* * * * *

God protect our rescued country,
 From her foes, where e'er they stand,
 Whether in her halls of council,
 Or with wielded sword in hand.

Let the blood of perished heroes
 Wash away each darkling stain,
 And the glorious light of Freedom,
 Never be obscured again.

*Suggested by the beautiful picture, "Home Again," painted by TREVOR MC CLURG, ESQ., of Pittsburgh, Penn.

*Our Martyred President.**

MOURN for the Chief of the Nation, who perished
 By the assassin's demoniac hand;
 One whom we had chosen, and honored, and cherished,
 Whose blood sealed the clasp o'er Columbia's land.

PRAISE—for oppression is banished forever,
 Her dark reign is over from river to sea;
 In truth and in spirit, as now, sang we never,
 "Of the land of the brave, and the home of the free."

Our God, who in wisdom the dark strife permitted,
Though the bow was obscured in the midst of the storm,
Now war clouds are broken, and vengeance requited,
Shows the wonders he worketh, his will to perform.

Then boast not of conquest, or wisdom, but chided,
In contrite submission and penitence bowed,
Give thanks to the Lord, who our armies hath guided,
For "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Yet long as our banner shall wave in her beauty,
As long as we sing of the red, white, and blue,
Columbia will honor in pleasure and duty,
The memory of LINCOLN, brave, honest and true.

Assembled to-day are the pride of the Nation,
Surrounding the spot where his hallowed dust lies,
Reviewing his service in grandest oration,
Recording his virtues in loftiest praise.

Though granite and bronze tower high where he sleeps,
A Nation's bereavement and grief, to proclaim,
More lasting and precious the love light that keeps,
Enshrined in the hearts of the people, his name.

*Suggested by the Dedication of the NATIONAL LINCOLN MONUMENT,
at Springfield, Ill., October 15, 1874.

THE COURT OF THE MUSES.

A COLLOQUY,

PREPARED FOR

SCHOOL-GIRLS' ENTERTAINMENT.

CHARACTERS.

NINE MUSES.

1 CALLIOPE.	4 EUTERPE.	7 URANIA.
2 CLIO.	5 ERATO.	8 THALIA.
3 MELPOMENE.	6 TERPSICHORE.	9 POLYMNIA.

TWO ATTENDANT FAIRIES.

GUESTS.

SPRING.

SUMMER.

AUTUMN.

WINTER.

FAME.

NIGHT.

MORNING.

NAIAD.

FASHION.

DISSIPATION.

TEMPERANCE.

LIBERTY.

DRESS.

MUSES—Simply attired in white. Broad sashes, with name of each Muse in gilt letters, gives a pretty effect.

GUESTS.

SPRING—With ornaments, and gifts of flowers.

SUMMER—Flowers, and grain.

AUTUMN—Autumn leaves, and gifts of fruit.

WINTER—Mantled in white, with frosted hair.

FAME—Richly dressed, but plain.

NIGHT—A brunette, robed in black, ornamented with stars, with flowing hair.

MORNING—A blonde, robed in light pink, with imitation dew-drops.

NAIAD—In simplest robe of green, bearing pearls, shells, and water-lilies.

FASHION—Gaudily attired, with grotesque fashions of the past made prominent.

DISSIPATION—Dressed in garnet.

TEMPERANCE—In white, or pale blue.

LIBERTY—Large fine figure, with plain rich dress. Must be draped in, or bear the American flag.

MUSIC.

Music may be either vocal, or instrumental, by the Muses, or others summoned to their aid.

The dress of characters, the music, and the effect of the Colloquy, must depend largely upon the taste of those having it in charge.

MUSES ASSEMBLED IN COURT.

Enter Fairy.

FAIRY—Gracious Muses, there are guests in the outer Chamber, awaiting admission into thy Celestial Court.

MUSES—in concert—

Welcome to the Muses' home,
Any who may hither come,
Bearing tokens of their worth,
To the children of the Earth.

Fairy—Spring cometh, asking audience of the Muses.

MUSES—ALL—

We will welcome gentle Spring,
If some token she will bring,
Which shall prove her real worth,
To the children of the Earth.

SPRING—

Fairest of flowers I bring to thee,
Weave now I pray thee, a rhyme for me.

MUSE 1ST—

Bright and beautiful form of Spring,
Gladly we greet thee again,
Fresh and fair are the flowers we bring,
Decking each hill and plain.

MUSE 3RD—

Gems of beauty are everywhere seen,
 Scattered from thy rich urn,
 The fields thou art robing in mantles of green,
 In token of thy return.

MUSE 6TH—

Gladly we list to the songs of birds,
 Which ever rejoice in thee,
 Their blithsome notes of welcome are heard,
 In every bower and tree.

MUSES—ALL—

Then gladly we all, at this joyous time,
 Will welcome thee, beautiful Spring,
 And gaily we'll weave thee a garland, in rhyme,
 In return for the flowers ye bring.
 Rest awhile with our joyous throng,
 And list to the notes of a Fairy song.

Attendant Fairy takes the gift and places it upon a table.

MUSIC.

Enter, Fairy—Summer cometh also, and craveth admittance.

MUSES—ALL—

Summer cometh after Spring,
Some fair token she must bring,
Which shall also prove her worth
To the children of the Earth.

SUMMER—

The golden grain I ripen for thee,
Both fruit, and blossom, accept from me.

MUSE 5TH—

Summer, brightest of the seasons,
Welcome midst our joyous train,
We accept thy worthy off'ring,
Crown, entwined with golden grain.

MUSE 4TH—

Spring has brought us fairer blossoms
Than we find within thy bowers,
Yet we know that Summer's brightness,
Can alone mature the flowers.

MUSE 8TH—

May Earth's children all remember,
When the golden sheaves they bind,
That the harvest fast is passing,
And the Summer soon will end.

MUSES—ALL—

Glad we greet thee, radiant Summer,
Tarry now amidst our throng,
And in token of thy coming,
We will give a greeting song.

Attendant Fairy takes the gift.

MUSIC.

Enter, Fairy—Hither cometh Autumn, who also desireth admittance.

MUSES—ALL—

Thou may'st also usher Autumn,
If some token, rich in worth,
She shall bring, which shall proclaim her
Welcome messenger to Earth.

AUTUMN—

Richest of fruits I bring to thee,
Hast thou a cluster of rhymes for me?

MUSE 8TH—

Welcome, richly laden Autumn,
Tempting token thou dost bring,
Which must win thee ready welcome
From a peasant, or a king.

MUSE 4TH—

Thou hast painted a fanciful garment
 For every bower and tree;
 In return for thy diligent labor,
 We will weave a bright Poem for thee.

MUSES—ALL—

Glad we greet thee, glorious Autumn,
 Richest praise to thee belongs,
 Linger yet within our palace,
 While we honor thee with songs.

Attendant Fairy takes the gift.

MUSIC.

Fairy—Winter cometh, seeking favor of the Muses.

MUSES—ALL—

We will freely welcome Winter,
 If some gift she bring to prove
 That she like her sister Seasons,
 Comes in mercy, and in love.

WINTER—

A garment of purity bring I to thee,
 Sing now I pray thee, a song for me.

MUSE 3RD—

Thou art called *relentless* Winter,
We have heard of thee of old,
And they say thy breath is chilling,
And thy heart is dead, and cold.

MUSE 9TH—

But the story I believe not,
Forms so beautiful deceive not;
I will give thee all thy due,
I admire thy sparkling brightness,
And thine ample robe of whiteness,
Sure must warm, and nourish too.

MUSE 1ST—

Still, thou teachest all a lesson,
Which shall prove thy real worth,
Brighter than the flowers of spring-time,
Richer than the fruits of Earth.

MUSE 7TH—

Would the child of Earth remember,
The Great Giver but for thee?
Would he learn to prize the blessings,
Which are lavished, full and free?

MUSES—ALL—

Glad we greet thee, faithful Winter,
Muses e'er will truthful be,
List to tones of richest music,
Which we give, to honor thee.

MUSIC.

Fairy—Fame awaiteth admittance.

MUSES—ALL—

Bid her enter, if she bear
Worthy token, rich and rare.

FAME—

I bear the names of the children of Earth,
Who have reached a pinnacle grand;
Not mines of gold, nor royal birth
Admit to my wonderful land;
Though his course be brief, yet he liveth in rhyme,
Who beareth my magical name;
He never dies on the shores of Time,
Whose name is enrolled by Fame.

MUSE 7TH—

Thy land is indeed a wonderful land,
Yet alas! for the child of Earth,
Who toils to reach thy pinnacle, grand,
If he has not personal worth.

MUSE 2ND—

From the peasant in his cottage,
To the king upon his throne,
His life 's in vain who toils for Fame.
And seeks her praise alone.

Third Muse takes the scroll from Fame, and reads.

SCROLL OF FAME.

Strange names are written on thy scroll,
Here is one famed for song,
And that is well, but here is one
Famous for crime, and wrong,
One is made famous by his wit,
Another for his learning,
Just by a critic, famous for
His wonderful discerning.
Here is a famous traveler,
A hero of renown,
And here a famous fiddler
Just by a famous clown.
And here are famous poets, some
Who died from maddening wine;
Favored by the Muses, yet they served
As slaves at Bacchus' shrine.
And here are famous statesmen,
Who framed majestic laws;

And also famous orators,
 Who wakened loud applause.
 And here are famous clergymen,
 Honored for noble lives;
 And here a bishop, famous for—
 A score or more of wives.

MUSES—ALL

Enough! enough! the scroll of Fame,
 The Muses must disown,
 Until thou bearest us the name
 Of the good and great, alone.

[*Exit* FAME.]

Enter, Fairy—Night cometh, and would see the
 Celestial Muses.

MUSES—ALL—

Welcome to our spacious hall,
 Night, enrobed in darkest pall.

NIGHT—

Stars and rest I bring to thee,
 Hast thou a soothing rhyme for me?

MUSE 2ND—

Rest thou bringest for the careworn,
 Dearer gift than all beside;
 Quiet to the weary spirit,
 With the hours of eventide.

MUSE 7TH—

Starry gems are brightly shining
On the sable brow of Night,
Dearer to a band of Muses,
Than a gorgeous crown of light.

Enter, Fairy—Morning cometh also, desiring a token
from the Muses.

MUSES—ALL—

Bid her welcome to our palace,
Muses love to greet the Morning.

MORNING—

I have fled away from the bowers of Night,
To bathe my form in dewy light;
Health and vigor I bring to thee,
Hast thou a wakening rhyme for me?

MUSE 8TH—

Fair, angelic form of Morning,
Oft we've met thee on thy way,
Rosy light thy brow adorning,
Herald of a brighter day.

MUSE 4TH—

Sparkling dew-drops deck thy mantle,
Flowers yield thee sweet perfume,
Birds pour forth their sweetest anthems,
When thy rays their bowers illumine.

MUSIC.

Enter, Fairy—Naiad cometh, desiring admittance
into thy gracious courts.

MUSES—ALL—

Bid her enter, if she bringeth
Treasure from the sparkling tide.

NAIAD—

From the mountain brook, where the lilies grow,
I have gathered pebbles bright;
Then borne along by her ceaseless flow,
Through the summer lands of light,
I have added fairest shells and pearls,
Till I reached the boundless sea,
And there I have gathered countless gems,
And bring them all to thee.

MUSE 1ST—

Thou hast brought us rare and precious gems,
From the rivelet, brook, and sea,
On the shore of the Muses' Fairy-land,
We will gather pearls for thee.

MUSE 5TH—

These pearls we will weave with fancies bright,
In the graceful form of rhyme,
Which shall float on the rolling sea of thought,
To the shores of every clime.

MUSE 9TH—

We will tell of the rubies and shells, that deck
 Thy palace, beneath the blue sea,
 We will tell of the beautiful Nymphs who weave
 Bright emerald robes for thee.

Attendant Fairy receives the gift.

*Enter, Fairy—*Fashion waiteth.

MUSES—ALL—

Fashion! Fashion! who is she?
 Bid her enter, we will see.

FASHION *enters.*

MUSE 2ND—

Is that mortal? is it human?
 Surely it can not be woman?
 Fashion, we are told thy name is;
 Prithee, tell us what thy claim is?
 What is thy pretended worth,
 To the children of the Earth?

FASHION—

I am ever coming
 With something new,
 Giving the ladies
 Something to do;
 Now painting their faces,
 With tints so rare,

Thus making the plain
And sallow, fair.
I bleach their hair
To make it white,
Or dye it black
As the wing of Night;
If they are bald,
I soon procure,
And crown their need
With a fine coiffure.

What good do I do?
Why, I venture to say,
The belles of the land,
If they had their own way,
Would grieve less at heart,
Should they happen to fail
In the style of their beaux,
Than the cut of their trail;
The beaux may carouse,
Drink, gamble and swear,
They will overlook trifles,
But show greatest care
In the swing of the trail,
Or the friz of their hair.
The gents all admire me,
And that, I suppose,

Is the reason the ladies
 So dote on my clothes.
The gents will laugh,
 And the charge deny,
Yet one can see,
 With but half an eye,
In the fit of the boot,
 In the shape of the hat,
In the cut of the coat,
 In the tie of cravat,
They're very careful,
 All the while,
To follow Fashion,
 And keep in style.
Of a stylish wife,
 Each man is vain,
But thinks his neighbor's
 Should be more plain.

What good do I do?
 Why the thought is absurd,
For you, gracious Muses,
 Must surely have heard,
That we might as well,
 Without trail, frill, and sash on,
Be out of the world,
 As out of Fashion.

MUSE 1ST—

Distorted in figure;

MUSE 4TH—

Bepowdered in face;

MUSE 3RD—

Bereft of all beauty;

MUSE 5TH—

Devoid of all grace;

MUSE 7TH—

If all thy followers

Make such a show,

Then out of the world,

They might as well go.

MUSES—ALL—

The Muses deny,

Thy arrogant claim,

Let "Fashion and Folly,"

Henceforth be thy name.

Enter, Fairy—Dissipation waiteth admittance.

MUSES—ALL—

Bid her enter, we shall see,

What *her* proffered gift will be.

DISSIPATION—

I come, I come, with the sparkling wine,

From the purple fruit of the cheering vine;

Come drink of the nectar, I bring to thee,

Thou surely wilt love it, and welcome me.

MUSE 1ST—

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; * * *
At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an
adder.”

DISSIPATION—

Oh! I have a retinue long and grand,
Which I lead to a beautiful, charming land.
They care but little, and seldom look
In the musty pages of that old Book;
Then drink and be merry, drink and be gay,
Drink, and drive dull care away.

MUSE 3RD—

“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink.”

MUSE 7TH—

Thou ledest at first, through a charming land,
Yet danger, though hidden, is there,
For the brink of ruin lies just beyond,
And the valley of dark despair.

MUSE 4TH—

“Wine is a mocker; * * * Whosoever is de-
ceived thereby is not wise.”

DISSIPATION—

In Halls of splendor,
 I walk with pride,
 With wealth, and beauty,
 On either side.
 In Courts of grandeur
 They welcome me,
 And praise the gift,
 That is spurned by thee.

MUSES—ALL—

Man may praise thee, if he chooses,
 But thou canst not bribe the Muses.

[*Exit* DISSIPATION, *haughtily*.]

Enter, Fairy—Temperance cometh also.

MUSE 1ST—

Will she bring us gift to spurn?

MUSES—ALL—

Bid her enter, we shall learn.

TEMPERANCE—

This Crystal draught, from the wayside spring,
 O Muses, is all the gift I bring;
 Pure as the sunlight, free as the air,
 I bear it with gladness, everywhere.

MUSES—ALL—

Welcome, welcome, doubly welcome,
With thy gift, so pure and free,
Thine indeed a blessed mission,
And we gladly honor thee.

MUSE 6TH—

Sparkling in the mountain brooklet,
Gurgling in the lowly glen,
Dancing, glancing, everywhere,
Dearer than Earth's jewels are,—
Nature's crowning diadem,—
That is what you bear.

MUSE 4TH—

Leaping in the fountain,
Glist'ning in the dew,
Falling in the raindrops,
Ever fresh and new;
Bounding in the waterfall,
Rolling in the river,
Telling ever of the love
Of a Gracious Giver.

MUSE 9TH—

It quelleth fever, it quencheth thirst,
It makes the bud and the blossom burst,
It nurses the rootlets underground,
Wherever a living plant is found;

It falls from the heavens, in bountiful shower,
 It flows from deep caverns, with ceaseless power,
 It spreadeth the seas, and the ocean grand,
 Which bear Earth's children to every land.

MUSES—ALL—

We 'll echo thy praises, again and again,
 Thou bountiful gift to the sons of men.

MUSIC.

Temperance song, in praise of water.

Enter Fairy—Liberty asketh admission to thy Celestial Court.

MUSES—ALL—

Bid her enter if she brings,
 Gift as bright as crown of kings.

LIBERTY—

A heart unfettered, I bring to thee,
 Hast thou a rhyme for the brave, and free?

MUSE 2ND—

Aye! our choicest, sweetest rhythms,
 We will gladly give to thee,
 We admire thy noble bearing,
 And we love the brave, and free.

MUSE 9TH—

Haste, on Eagle's pinions soaring,
Unto those who, aid imploring,
Long for thee in every land;
In thy mission bright, and glorious,
Mayest thou ever be victorious,
Breaking every tyrant's band.

MUSE 7TH—

Glad the morning sun shall meet thee,
And the stars of Night shall greet thee,
With their cheering silver rays;
Thy loved name shall live in story,
Twined with brightest wreaths of glory,
Gemmed with richest gifts of praise.

MUSES—ALL—

Let Temperance, and Liberty,
Now rally, hand in hand,
United should their mission be,
To every fettered land.

Temperance, and Liberty, clasp hands, and are crowned by the Muses.

MUSE 1ST

The bright flowers of Spring-time
Shall circle thy brow.

Liberty kneels, or bows, to accept the wreath.

MUSE 8TH

The harvest of Summer,
I give unto thee.

Temperance receives the wreath of grain, and flowers.

MUSE 5TH—

The rich fruits of Autumn,
Accept from me now.

Liberty receives the basket of fruits.

MUSE 3RD—

While I will bestow
The rich gems of the sea.

*Bestowing necklace of pearls, corals, or shells, upon
both Liberty, and Temperance.*

*Salutation of the Muses, to which each Guest in turn
bows graciously in response.*

MUSES—ALL—

Hail! to the Seasons,
And Morning, and Night,—
Graces we give unto thee.
Hail! to thee, Naiad,—
And Temperance bright,
And Liberty, noble and free.

The Guests move as if to retire from the Court, but are detained.

MUSES—ALL—

Linger yet, this happy throng,
Let no thought of parting sever,
Till we give a cheering song,
Wishing Joy and Peace forever.

MUSIC.

“Star Spangled Banner,” or a song of general joyfulness.

With closing line Curtain falls.

Finis.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

The Little Comforter ;

O R

THE BLIND MUSICIAN AND HIS CHILD.

SCENE—A walk in a City Park.

“O FATHER, dear Father, look up in the tree,
At that bright pretty bird,—now 'tis flying;”
And then she remembered that he could not see,
For his only reply, was his sighing.

Child, in tender sympathy—

“O never mind Pa-pa, if you cannot view
The bird, through the sunny air winging,
For there are not many, so able as you,
To get all its sweetness, of singing.

Tries to divert his attention—

“Come Father, I'll lead you;—just hold my hand tight,
And we will go round, to the Fountain,
The water is sparkling, so lovely and bright,
Over mimic lake, grotto, and mountain.

Seats him near the Fountain—

“The jets are all leaping, so graceful and tall,
And sound as though Fairies were calling;
Dear Father, I think you can picture it all,
As you list to the spray, that is falling.

Brings him a flower—

“Here, Father, I’ve brought you a beautiful rose,”
Said the child, in her sweet filial duty;
“Though you cannot see its fair petals uncloze,
Its fragrance is just like its beauty.

“Have patience, dear Father; God says in his Book,
That sight to the blind shall be given;
That all who love Jesus, upon him may look,
In his beautiful Mansions in Heaven.”



The Rag Carpet.

DOES it pay one to make a rag carpet?
Pray, who shall the question decide?
Shall those be allowed on the jury,
Who never the matter have tried?

Is it merely a piece of amusement,
Affording some frolic and fun?
Lest you harbor so vain a delusion,
Let me tell you just how it is done.

First, gather the more antique garments,
Which in every household abound,
Of broadcloth, or flannel, or muslin,
Blue, purple, green, scarlet or brown.

You need not stop long to determine,
What articles ought you to use,
Since pretty much everything answers,
Except old straw-hats, and old shoes.

Next, give them a thorough ablution,
And hang them to flap, and to dry,
The array will be somewhat diverting,
Reminding all those who pass by,

Of the rhymes of a certain old lady,
Which all in their childhood have known;
“Hark, hark, hear the little dogs barking,
The beggars are coming to town.”

Proceed then, to tear and to cut them,
This precept observing with care,
Do not spend your time in slow cutting,
Where fabric will just as well tear.

You bravely demolish old relics,
And think you’ve enough for a ball,
Then you sew, and you wind, and discover
The sphere is remarkably small.

Then you cut, sew, and wind—it is larger,
You sigh, and complacently say,
“Ah well, it is wise to remember,
The world was not made in a day.”

If you wish for a stripe in the carpet,
Like colors together you wind;
If not, then all sorts may be mingled,
Which will easier be, you will find.

Sewing this first, now that, then the other;
The other, now that, and then this,
In a sort of medley together,
And that’s what we call “hit and miss.”

At last all are wound, and delighted—
“My carpet is done,” you exclaim;
Not yet, for the rags will be useless,
Unless they are bound with a “chain.”

You procure it, your work is now over,
You say, but I quickly reply,
Not yet, and with some consternation,
You find you’re just ready—to dye.

The chain takes a pretty good color,
But your hands will by far take the best,
All in vain do you strive to unglove them,
For they stubbornly bide every test.

With mingled chagrin, and amusement,
You give up the trying at last,
Consoling yourself with reflecting,
That purple will surely hold fast.

You send rags, and chain, to the weaver,
Impatiently waiting to see,
The carpet returned to you woven,
How pretty you hope it will be.

* * * * *

But says one, with a shrug patronizing,
“Rag carpets I cannot endure,
It may do for *some people* to make them,
But *I* never could, I am sure.”

Sáys another, "'tis so unromantic,"
 "Unpoetical," too, do you say?
Making verses, perhaps would be better,
 Provided verse-making would pay.

No romance in making rag carpet!
 Each garment will sing you a song;
Although "out of tune," for the wearing,
 Its music you still may prolong.

As it tells of its work, and adventure,
 Back from age, to the freshness of youth,
And the story will have this advantage,
 'T will be founded in fact, and in truth.

Here 's a piece of some splendid old fabric,
 Which flourished in coat, fine and new;
For a year 'twas the "best go to meeting,"
 "Second best" served another year through.

At last, when 'twas quite out of fashion,
 It made some best pants, for young Fred,
And these when outgrown, were remodeled,
 Into a new jacket instead.

Its wearing days now are all over,
 To prolong them, 'twere folly to try;
Here goes the last clip in the carpet,
 So coat, pants and jacket, good-bye.

Sure enough, here's a bit of that talma,
It was stylish, when I was a bride;
Its service was then quite romantic,
Very practically now 'tis applied.

These pants, Edward said I could patch them,
But patching so much, does not pay,
And I have n't a scrap that will match them,
So I'll cut them up slyly, to-day.

If he says 'twas unwise, I'll remind him
Of a truth that was stated of yore,
When One said, that new cloth in old garments,
Soon made the rent worse than before.

That gray coat, he hung in the wardrobe—
To the shears, what a victim it fell;
But then, it would fill up so nicely,
And with other things, look very well.

And the vest that he asked for this morning—
I didn't know what I should say;
So I said, "What, that rusty old jacket?"—
I had cut the vest up yesterday.

There's the coat, he put on after dinner,
I am sure he's not worn for a year,
He remarked, as he button'd it round him,
He thought he would wear it, for fear

I would have it cut up in the carpet,
And that to his mind it was plain,
The coat was too good for such service,
When new ones are hard to obtain.

The coat I must spare, that is certain,
But it only amusingly shows,
How, when one is making a carpet,
A man will grow fond of old clothes.

Should he happen to ask for the others,
Oh! how shall I tell him their fate?
I'll say they're strung out, past all wearing,
Out of shape, and as much out of date.

Here's a bit of worn sleeve, to remind me
Of age, and an old oaken chair,
While a little bright sacque, just behind it,
Sings of infancy, rosy and fair.

How tenderly once it was fashioned,
There's a hole in the elbow I see,
Threaded in with the brown of the aged,
How pretty the contrast will be.

This little wee stocking I must use,
Where a gleam, white and scarlet will show;
May the dear little foot often press it,
Which has worn through the heel, and the toe.

And alas! here 's a scrap that is sighing,
 Of a precious one, gone to her rest,
 How vividly now, I recall her,
 From this bit of an old scarlet dress.

This is faded and worn, while *her* garments
 Are spotless, and shining, and fair;
 She will need never more, Earthly raiment,
 Who hath Angel apparel to wear.

* * * * * *

When all have been blended together,
 Dark and light, dull and bright, old and new,
 Like the scenes of our life, when all woven,
 They will tone to a somber like hue.

Is it *wise* then, to make a rag carpet?
 No wisdom, there surely would be,
 In spending your time in its making,
 When you might at least, have earned three,

But here is a truth quite prosaic,
 Though given impromptu in rhyme,
 In a carpet that's made out of fragments,
 One may use many fragments of time.

Does it pay then, to make a rag carpet?
 That depends upon what you're about;
 After all, 'twill depend very largely,
 Upon—if you will have one—without.

An Old Bachelor's Comfort;

OR,

HOW HE MANAGED POLLY.

Suggested by Dr. Holland's "Old Maid and her Cat."

“**H**ERE I come back to my dismal old room,
No one to pleasantly welcome me home,
No one to say, 'I am glad you have come,'
No one to welcome me, but Polly.”

POLL PARROT—

“*How-dy-do? How-dy-do?*”

“‘Pretty well, darling,’ is what I should say,
If,—well, no matter, ’tis many a day
Since I have thought of things just in that way;—
‘Pretty well, thank you, old Polly.’”

POLL—

“*What’s the news? What’s the news?*”

“‘Nell, whom I flirted with,—long ago wed;
Clara I promised,—poor girl, she is dead;
Widow Bland jilted me, and, it is said,
Married a worse fellow, Poll.’”

POLL—

“Pretty Poll—Pretty Poll.”

“‘Pretty?’ Ah no! you’re *not* pretty,—but—well—oh!
There should be *some one* to speak to a fellow,
Though you are stupid, and greenish, and yellow,
Still you can speak to me, Polly.”

POLL—

“Polly’s sweet—Polly’s sweet.”

“‘*Polly’s sweet!*’ No, that you certainly are not,
And it is evident too, that you care not
Whether I come or go, only you fare not
Well in my absence, old Polly.”

POLL—

“Polly want a cracker,—Polly want a cracker.”

“‘Polly wants’ something, you always are saying,
Keeps me quite busy, your bills to be paying,
But no fine dress I must buy, for displaying,
That is quite good of you, Polly.”

POLL—

“Poor Polly! Poor Polly!”

“‘Poor Polly;’ now you talk just like a woman,
Surely, old Polly, this is a bad omen,
Fretting because you can’t dress like a showman,
This is all foolishness, Polly.”

POLL—

“Polly’s sick—Polly’s sick.”

“‘Polly’s sick!’ Now you say that to get petting,
Just like a woman, made sick by your fretting;
Will you have blisters, bleeding, or sweating?
What shall I do for you, Polly?”

POLL—

“Call Missus—Call Missus.”

“‘Call Missus!’ Poll, *I have called her*, for years,
Called her with coaxing, and pleading, and tears,
Faithfully called, yet no Missus appears;
Can you ask more of me, Polly?”

POLL—

“Kiss Polly—Kiss Polly.”

“‘KISS POLLY!’ Now you just try to be witty;
There’s not a soul, but you, in the whole city,
To take a kiss from me—more is the pity,—
But here’s a kiss for you, Polly.”

POLL—

“Polly’ll tell—Polly’ll tell.”

“‘*Hush*, you old bird, this is no time for joking,
Give me no more of your tiresome croaking,
Now hush your racket, while I go to smoking,
You are a nuisance, old Polly.”

POLL—

“Wish I’s dead—Wish I’s dead.”

“HUSH! or I’ll throw this old boot at your head,
That is the most welcome word you have said;
I too, most heartily wish you were dead,
For I’m *tired of you*, Polly.”

POLL—

“Boo-hoo-hoo—Boo-hoo-hoo.”

“There now, you’re acting again like a woman,—
Strange that a *bird* should be so nearly human,—
Here is some candy, Poll, from your old Tru-man,
Now wipe your tears away, Polly.

POLL—

“Polly’s sweet, Polly’s sweet.”

“*“Polly’s sweet?”* Yes, deary, sweeter than honey,
Could n’t be bought or sold, for any money,—
Just like a woman! now is n’t that funny?
Now go to sleep, pretty Poll.”

POLL—

“Ha-ha-ha, Ha-ha-ha.”

SOLILOQUY.

“Is n’t it strange there’s so much in a word,
Whether to cat or dog, pony or bird?
So ’tis with WOMAN,—at least I have heard;
I can judge only by POLLY.”

“Respectfully Declined.”

WRITTEN UPON THE RECEIPT OF A REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

I RECEIVED, kind Sir, your letter,
And the verdict it contained,
With a throb of disappointment,
And a twinge of pain unfeigned,
Followed by an humbled spirit,
For submit, I know we must,
To the judgment of our judges,—
When we choose them, we should trust.

Yet, imagine for a moment,
Thou hadst launched upon the sea,—
Just a fragile little shallop,
Which soon drifting back to thee,
On its sails, all rent and tattered,
This brief sentence you should find,
By the monarchs of the ocean,
“Most respectfully declined.”

Do you think it would forever,
Quench your literary zeal?—
Now, I think I can imagine
How discarded lovers feel,
When their hearts they’ve shyly offered,
With some quiverings undefined,
Which the ladies quite politely,
And respectfully—declined.

There's a word of consolation
 Meant for them, which comes to me,—
You have heard about the fishes,
 All uncaught, within the sea;—
Since of writing, and of reading
 There is never any end,
Would the world, or I, be loser,
 Should my thoughts be never penned?

Let me think about the blossoms,
 Which are "born to blush unseen;"
They will never be dissected,
 By the botanist, I ween,
To discover if their stamens
 Range in circles, or in rows,
Or their petals are developed,
 As the highest culture shows.

This assurance may be soothing,
 Yet to make the case your own,
One would rather hazard danger,
 Than to blossom thus alone;
"Better fifty years of Europe
 Than a cycle of Cathay,"
Holds in sentiment and ratio,
 To the life of but a day.

One would little care for diamonds,
If their lustre only shone,
In secluded regal splendor,
Worn in solitude alone,
And the sweetest, purest comfort
Of poetic thought must be,
That it touches hearts responsive
To its soul, and symphony.

I will turn unto the Poets;
Of great Homer it was said,—
He who begged his bread when living,
Seven cities claimed, when dead;
And that only by his dying,
Were deserved laurels won
For the bright undying genius,
Of the Poet, Chatterton.

Then away with all repining,
Why should I disheartened be,
When in toil and disappointment,
I've such royal company?



Broken Clouds.

WHEN do the skies seem brighter,
Than when clouds have broken away?
Or when does the light seem lighter,
Than at early dawn of day?
Or when are the flowers sweeter,
Than they are at early Spring,
When hath passed the dreary Winter,
And the birds sweet music bring?

And when beats the heart more lightly,
Than when sorrow has fled away,
And the future glistens brightly
From hope's reviving ray?
What though there are moments of sadness?
'Tis a beautiful world of ours,
Where we're cheered by hope, and gladness,
Greeted with songs, and flowers.

Then let clouds of gloom and sorrow
Disperse, and backward roll,
And a glad and cheerful spirit
Pervade the Christian's soul;
For why should the heart be bleeding,
When there reigneth One, in Heaven,
Who is constantly interceding,
That our sins may be forgiven?

As we sail adown Life's river,
 If the heart be kept aright,
 With hope as an anchor ever,
 And love as a beacon light,
 Then life may be bright and joyous,
 Though the billows 'neath us roll,
 For the Father who reigneth o'er us,
 Will speak peace to the troubled soul.



Memory's Casket.

I'VE a rare and precious Casket,
 And I only, hold its key,
 The bright treasures it encloses,
 Are most sacred now to me;
 They are jewels I have gathered,
 All adown the fleeting years,
 Some were polished in Life's sunshine,
 Some have sparkled through its tears.

Each was laid away, enfolded
 In sweet lavender of thought,
 Each is held within the setting,
 Faithful memory hath wrought;

And the rarest, and the fairest,
Of this fleeting life of ours,
I have treasured in my Casket,
With some withered buds and flowers.

Often when I take this Casket,
And in silence turn the key,
Then a mood, most sweetly solemn,
Soothingly, comes over me;
As the magic lid is lifted,
And I view my treasures o'er,
Each one seeming fairer, dearer,
Than it e'er had been before;

Then the Present seems to vanish,
And the intervening years
Fade away, as some sweet vision
Of the LONG AGO appears,
And I clasp hands, true and tender,
That I ne'er may clasp again,
And the buds burst into blossoms,
Which so long have withered been.

Then inspiring high Ideal,
Leads me, in enchanting dream,
Past the rugged living Real,
Things that are, to things that seem,

Strews the way with rare exotics,
Builds me castles, grand and fair,—
All suggested by the jewels,
Treasured with such tender care.

Then I waken to Life's duties,
Take up all my toil again,
Yet my heart is strengthened, gladdened,
By the gentle low refrain,
Coming from my magic Casket,
Song that none but I may hear,
Whispered words of love, and solace,
Breathed thoughts of hope and cheer.

O! it is a precious Casket,
And I only, hold the key,—
No one, while fond mem'ry lingers,
E'er can take my gems from me;
I alone can know their value,
With what matchless grace they shine,
I alone behold their beauty,
Mine they are, and only mine.

(*The Crystal Wedding.*)

IN olden time I have been told,
When husband chose a wife,
One wedding served the twain, to hold
Through all their mortal life.

In modern times, if for five years
The bond has holden good,
People are coming, it appears,
To wed again, with Wood.

If for ten years the twain abide,
Again the friends come in,
To clasp the knot so firmly tied,
In wedding, called the Tin.

And yet again the tried and true,
When five years more shall pass,
Are wont to celebrate anew,
Their wedding, termed the Glass.

Thus Hymen's bond, the people learn,
Grows dear, in growing old,
And hence they celebrate in turn,
With China, Silver, Gold.

Thus far we've journeyed on the way,
'Till fifteen years from starting,
And are not yet prepared to say
That we are bent on parting.

A cordial greeting we extend
To all whose presence bright,
Combines a social joy to lend,
On this our Crystal night.

Unitedly we pledge you all,
But not in sparkling wine,
O may our loved ones never fall,
Before its mocking shrine.

Then fill the glass for each, to-night,
From Nature's crystal tide,
That which has sparkled, pure and bright,
Since Eve became a bride.

We know our Lord, 'tis truly said,
Turned water into wine,
And by the power he thus displayed,
Proved that he was divine;

And at the Supper gave command,
That we partake the same,
Thoughtout all time, in every land,
Remembering his name.

An emblem of our Saviour's blood,
Let wine forever be,
Reminding of the crimson flood,
That flowed for you, and me.

But not fermented, madd'ning wine,
Which hath such ruin wrought,
Of that vile product of the vine,
The Word saith "Touch it not."

Then fill the glass for each, to-night,
From Nature's crystal tide,
That which has sparkled, pure and bright,
Since Eve became a bride.

* * * * *

How rapidly through all these years,
Life's moments have been fleeting,
Bringing us mingled joys and tears,
Sad parting, and fond greeting.

Four children form our little band,
And call us Father, Mother,
While two are in the "Happy Land,"
A sister, and a brother.

And thus our God, in giving joy,
Hath not forgotten chiding,
All earthly bliss hath some alloy,
And may not prove abiding.

Yet all along the light hath shone,
Above the fleeting shadows,
Which sometimes settle darkly down,
As fog upon the meadows.

And while the rain may fall to-day,
The sun will shine to-morrow,
And thus our Father hath alway
Dispelled our clouds of sorrow.

Now, grateful for the tender care,
Which thus far has been o'er us,
We'll trust our Father to prepare
The way that lies before us.



The Silver Wedding.

A QUARTER of a century
Has rolled upon Time's tide,
Since thou, a youthful lover came
To claim thy chosen bride.

How beautiful Life's pathway seemed,
In those fresh, early years,
Decked all along with buds of hope,
Undimmed by cares or tears.

For it has wisely ever been,
Since Love's first blushing morn,
We grasp the rose, without a thought
Of underlying thorn.

And yet to all, Life's changing hours
Some cares and sorrows bring,
Some thorns are placed amid the flowers,
Lest we too fondly cling

To Earthly joys, which must decay
Also, that they may prove,
Reminders of that better life,
Where all is light and love.

* * * * *

A quarter of a century!
What changes it hath wrought,
And as a token, Father Time
Some *silver* hairs hath brought.

We could not be surprised to see
Some wrinkles on the brow,
Yet he hath gently dealt, to show
The twain so fair as now.

And tested by the fires of Time,
Thy faith appears to-night,
Like silver that is purified,
Or burnished doubly bright.

And we have come to wish you joy,
Trusting that there may be
A *silver* lining to each cloud,
Over the coming way;

And that confiding, hand in hand,
You still may journey on,
Till joined in wedding, once again,
And that a *Golden One*.

The Golden Wedding.

Tune : "Auld Lang Syne."

A HALF a century has fled,
In rapid golden sands,
Since lover true, and willing bride,
Were plighted, hands with hands;
With blended sails to journey on,
Life's changing billows o'er,
Until their barque should moor upon
A brighter, fairer shore.

Upon the holy Sabbath day,
United were the twain;
And after half a century,
Upon God's day again,
As memory adown the years,
Her somber light is shedding,
Recalling mingled joys and tears,
They hold their Golden Wedding.

True Love has been their beacon light,
And Faith an anchor firm,
To hold the ship through darksome night,
Or wildly tossing storm;

While Hope, a gentle guiding star,
With radiance soft and bright,
Has beamed upon them from afar,
A never-fading light.

Earth's blossoms lend a fragrance rare,
Yet Time the fact discloses,
That be they ne'er so bright and fair,
Thorns lurk amid the roses;
Yet these dear friends have culled the flowers,
Through all the changing years,
For Hope has smiled in all their joys,
And glistened through their tears.

Dear children came to cheer their home,
"Well springs of joy" were they,
Some in the paths of Earth still roam,
While on this golden day,
Others are joined with Angel throngs,
Around the Father's throne,
To sing in joyous, blissful songs,—
Those early gathered home.

As now we offer thanks anew,
For all Life's blessings given,
By faith we catch a joyous view,
Of fairer scenes in Heaven;

And as our humble voices raise,
Unto the Bounteous Giver,
We know they're echoed by the praise,
Of those beyond the river.

In honor of that wedding day,
Just fifty years ago,
Some words to cheer Life's future way,
We gladly would bestow;
And shall we wish long years of joy?
Quickly a thought forbidding,
Whispers, alas! how few there are,
Who see their Golden Wedding!

As golden grows the radiant light,
Around the setting sun,
Thus may these lives grow warm, and bright,
Until Time's course is run;
At last may all, with ransomed songs,
In Heavenly Mansions meet,
To join the never parting throngs,
Who walk the Golden street.

The Old Clock's Protest.

At a meeting of the City Council, of Zanesville, Ohio, June, 1869, Mr. Crosby moved that the Chair appoint a Committee of one, to ascertain what would be the probable expense of repairing, and keeping in repair, the public clock in the tower of the First Baptist Church. The ayes and nays were demanded, and the motion was lost, nine to one, Mr. Crosby alone voting for the resolution.

“O PRAY, City Fathers,
Now what do I hear?
You have all lost your senses,
'T would really appear,
With but just one exception;
You're crazy, I say,
To call up my fate,
And to vote with a *nay*.

“How did I know it,
Away here so high?
Why the birds of the air,
They have wings, and can fly.
If you read the Good Book,—
But I doubt if you do,—
That they carry news,
You will find to be true.

“You felt very lordly,
I have not a doubt,
With cigars, and—what else—
I will not speak about,
As you sat in grave Council,
When one asked to know
About the ‘Old Clock,’
If it ever should go.

“The ‘Nays,’ I am told,
Called out with great speed,
My old face would blush
To have done such a deed;
And my hands—but you know,
I am in a *Church* spire,
Or I surely should strike,
To give vent to my ire.

“Do you fear I would tell,
At what hours you go home,
That you’d keep me in silence
For years to come?
Whoever would shield you,
You very well know,
That *my* tones are convincing,
Wherever they go.

"I have felt quite *down hearted*,
 Though raised toward the sky,
Quite lowly in spirit,
 Though mounted so high,
As I've heard all the hum,
 Of improvement below;
And I have been waiting
 In patience, to know

"When my turn was coming,
 For 'tis a disgrace,
That I, so much higher,
 Should show such a face;
Such a *weight* as I bear,
 If by chance it should fall
In the midst of your Council,
 'T would serve you right, all—but one.

"When we were all going
 To ruin together,
I gave little thought
 To the wind, or the weather;
But now, that my neighbors
 Are thriving below,
I have often thought
 It would please *me*—to go.

“The Children would pause,
In their frolicsome glee,
To list to my voice,
And give welcome to me,
While ‘Fathers,’ Alas!
Though inflated with ‘Stock,’
Do not think it wise
To repair the Old Clock.
If you are disposed
To find fault with—my rhyme,
I pray you repent,
And just try me on, *Time.*”



Remember the Poor.

AS the seasons in their cycle,
Roll around these days again,
When with gladsome joyous greeting,
Friend holds fellowship with friend,
When we offer of our bounty,
Gifts of love in ample store,
Shall we prove ourselves unmindful
Of the bountiless—the poor?

There are many in our city
Who possess no fertile soil,
Those who reap no gain from traffic,
But whose lives of humble toil
Barely eke them out a pittance,
Food to eat, and fire to warm.
Raiment scarcely fit to cover
From the cold and piercing storm.

Some with slow disease may languish,
Aching heart, and throbbing brain,
Longing to take up the burden
Of their weary lives again.
Shivering over dying embers,
Fainting by a meagre board,
For their only wealth was labor,
Now they lose its rich reward.

In their homes is destitution,
That would chill our hearts with dread,
They are asking us for raiment,
They are crying, *Give us bread.*
Shall we heed the wail of sorrow?
Shall we cause them to rejoice?
Shall we give them of our bounty?
Shall they hear a cheering voice?

Many spend in dissipation,
All the substance that they earn,
While their wives and children hunger,
Where home-fires dimly burn;
We may pity their low passions,
And despise the course they take,
Yet their helpless wives and children,
We may not in scorn forsake;
All the bitterness and anguish,
Leading to their depths of woe,
Those with noble, pure surroundings,
May not dream of—cannot know.

And, alas! the sadly fallen,
Who in keener anguish still
Sup the dregs of vile transgression,
May we not toward them fulfil
The design of Jesus' teaching,
When he said to one of yore,

“Neither now will I condemn thee,
Go thy way and sin no more.”
We at least may well remember
Those who fall from Virtue’s throne,
Though alone they bear crime’s stigma,
In their guilt—are not alone.

Those we aid may prove unworthy,
Let the fault be not our own;
There is One who judgeth wisely,
He will make each purpose known.

Hast thou read about the graces?
The Good Book says there are three,
And the greatest of the trio,
We are told, is Charity.

In our fair and far-famed city,*
Very justly we take pride,
And rejoice in the progression
To be seen on every side;
Towering churches, lofty mansions,
Meet the eye on every hand,
And our avenues—shade arches—
In unrivaled beauty stand.

* Jacksonville, Illinois, December, 1872.

On our churches, stores, and dwellings,
We believe we may bestow,
Work of elegance and beauty,
If we do not fail to show
Thought, as well for those around us,
Who stand trembling at the door;
Those who live in ease and comfort
Never should forget the poor.

“Cast thy bread upon the waters”
In a multitude of ways,
It shall come to thee re-doubled,
Even after many days;
Shall we who are now assembled
By a freely given store,
Prove that we have learned this lesson
Better now than e’er before.

When we wish a “Merry Christmas”
O’er a richly laden board,
Shall we fail to heed the mandate
Given by our risen Lord?
“Ye the poor have always with you,
Give as God hath prospered thee”—
Hast thou ministered unto them,
Thou hast done it unto me.

Story of the Letter Carrier's Old Satchel.

I HAVE come to report you my labors,
All rusty, and weary, and worn,
My shabbiness speaks of the service,
Which I have so faithfully borne.

Through sunshine, in fair or foul weather,
The patrons we serve have all found,
That Master, and I, have together.
Most faithfully plodded our round.

He bears me strapped over his shoulder,
And yet, I must claim, it is true,
That mine has been half of the service,
In bringing your letters to you.

I often have brought you glad tidings,
Dispelling forebodings and fears;
Again, it has been my sad duty,
To bring you deep sorrows and tears.

The last I have always lamented,
So wishing that I might withhold,
From those to whom I would bring gladness,
Sad tidings, so hard to be told.

But I might not fashion the message,
Which oft I have brought to your door,
I gave what to me was entrusted,
And no one could ask me for more.

My honesty none have disputed,
For, had I been given to pelf,
The *greenbacks and bonds* I have carried,
A fortune would make for myself.

Thus, while I retire from the service,
Much worse for the wear, as you see,
My pockets are empty, and honor
Untarnished, and conscience quite free.

In this, I may be an exception,
For they who are servants of State,
Oft glory in lordly possessions,—
How gained? Those who can—calculate.

And my letters! and missives! If only
Their contents I once should unfold!—
But no, for my service was sacred,—
Your secrets I never have told.

Perhaps I may venture to tell you,
How once, in my freshness and youth,
I carried such tender love letters,
Boasting constancy, ardor, and truth.

'T was, "Mary, my love, and my darling,
My own precious sweet, and my dear,
My life would be midnight without you,
But with you, all sunlight and cheer.

"When once we are wedded, my darling,
Farewell to all trouble and care,
My home can be only an Eden,
When my beautiful Mary is there.

"How rich I shall be with my jewel,
Such a pearl to my keeping to give!
We will prove to the world, that true lovers,
Love on, just as long as they live."

That was some years ago, you remember,
And John and his Mary were wed;
Having told the sweet part of the story,
Perhaps now, the least—the best said.

Well, John went away on some business,
And therefore a letter should come
Once more to his sweet darling Mary,
The pride of his Eden-like home.

I brought it,—her step was less sprightly
Than when she had met me of yore,
And I thought I saw traces of sadness,
Where all had been brightness before.

'T was, "Moll, you will look for a letter,
To tell you when I shall be home;
Can't tell just, but it will be safest
To look for me—when I may come.

"My business is pretty much over,
But a man must have pleasure, you know,
And I, on the whole, have concluded,
This is just the season to go—

"On a trip to the Falls, and the Mountains,
With some friends who are going that way;
We look for a jolly good season,
Can't tell just how long I shall stay.

"Am sorry *you* could not go, Mollie,
As we used to talk of, you know,
But then,—when a woman has children,
She could not expect much to go.

"But I had forgotten to tell you,
That Frank is along with his bride;
He's in luck, and has won a rare jewel,
In whom he must ever take pride,

"Now Moll, can't you brush up a little,
Before I shall come back again?
I fear you have grown rather careless,—
A little too homespun, and plain.

"Take good care of Ned, and the baby,
Attend them whatever may come;
Their whooping-cough soon will be over,
At least, by the time I get home.

"I hope you don't need any money,
But will send you a dollar or so;
This trip will take all my spare greenbacks,
They're not very plenty, you know.

"So 'Bridget went off in a tantrum!
Well,—she will not draw on your purse,
And I think, without doubt, you can manage,
To take care of the cow, and the horse.

"And, Moll, you will look to the garden,
Don't let anything go to waste;
Good-bye, I am off for the steamer.
Most Truly, Your husband, In haste."

* * * * *

Now, this is a slight intimation
Of some things in life I have learned,
And leads me to wonder, if Mary's
Love-letters have ever been burned.

Now after so fading a picture,
I think I must tell you of Jo,
Who wrote tender letters to Sally,
I carried the first, long ago.

The writing looked shaky, and awkward,
The name was written all askew,
But his purpose was straight as an arrow,—
I think I must tell it to you.

“Dear Sally, I’m no letter writer,
But I have been wanting to tell
A secret, my heart has been hiding,—
I’ve loved you long, truly, and well.

“So long, that it seems to me, Sally,
That you are a part of my life;
I do not think there is another,
I ever could wish, for a wife.

“I’ve no earthly fortune to offer,
But I have a heart warm, and true,
And an arm that is willing to labor,—
These only, I offer to you.

“If God grants me health, I can furnish
The needs of a plain humble life,
And I know I should try to make happy,
One whom I could choose for a wife.”

You need not expect I shall tell you,
The message I carried to Jo;
It made the poor fellow look happy,
And so you can guess it, I know.

Well,—often I've passed by the dwelling,
Where Jo made his Sally a home,
And caught the light laughter of children,
E'en birds seemed delighted to come,

And add their sweet song to the music,
That rang on the joy-laden air.
Ah! surely this home was an Eden,
For "Love in a cottage" was there.

Once Jo was empaneled as juror,
Which took him a fortnight away,
He wrote such plump letters to Sally,—
I carried her one every day.

How cheerily came she to get them,—
Their contents you never shall know,
The light in her eye would convince you,
That these were "Love-letters"—from Jo.

So Ladies, guard well your heart treasures,
For I, who was young, and am old,
Have learned that the love the most boastful
Is surest to wane and grow cold.

The Candidate Preacher.

WHAT THEY THOUGHT OF HIM.

—♦♦—
DIALOGUE FIRST—MRS. A. AND MRS. B.

MRS. A.—

“Were you out to hear the Preacher?”

MRS. B,—

“No, I did not go to-day,
But do tell me how you liked him;
What do the people say?”

MRS. A.—

“Truly, that I cannot tell you,
For I only spoke to three;
But you mark what I am saying,—
If I may a prophet be,
He will never suit *our people*,
Why, you ought to see his hair,
And his awkward way of sitting
On our handsome pulpit chair;
Then he oddly tucked his kerchief
Underneath the Bible lid,—
Made me think about the napkin
Which the wicked servant hid;
Then his eyes, when he was praying,
Opened just a little way;
Now I think that preachers ought to
Look their finest, when they pray,”

MRS. B.—

“But how did you like the Sermon?
Tell me *what he preached about*,—
I am truly very sorry,
I intended to come out,
But my bonnet was n’t finished;
All my other things were new,
And to wear a rusty bonnet,
That, of course, would never do.”

MRS. A.—

“You were speaking of the Sermon,
About that, I can not tell,
But I rather think the people
Liked his preaching very well.
I did not pay strict attention,
But I noticed Deacon Brown
Took it all, as Law, and Gospel,—
You should see him drink it down;
But the Deacon is n’t stylish,
And we surely need a man,
Who will *gather in the people*,
And must work upon that plan.

“Now if we could get a preacher,
As talented as Dr. Blair”—

MRS. B.—

“And as social as the Pastor,
That they have at ‘Union Square’”—

MRS. A.—

“With blue eyes like Elder Carver,
And a stylish brown moustache.”

MRS. B.—

“One as genial, and as witty,
As that splendid Dr. Dash.”

MRS. A.—

“Gay, to suit the younger people,
Dignified like Dr. Hall,—
Could we find *just such* a preacher,
He would surely *get a call*.”

DIALOGUE SECOND.—IN THE CHOIR.

ORGANIST—

“Tell me how you like the Preacher?”
[*This was in a written note.*]
“Let us pass around the paper,
And have all the Choir vote.”

LEADER—[*in a whisper*]—

“But my vote would not be legal
I am certainly afraid,
For I have n’t paid attention
To a word the Preacher said,—
I just looked upon the ‘Parson,’
Saw that he was not my style,
So I thought I’d read my paper,
And this book I have, awhile.”

[*Passes note to TENOR, who writes—*]

“He is quite a fluent speaker,
But his voice is *low* for me,—
Not as finely modulated
As a Preacher’s ought to be.”

[*Passes note to BASS, who writes—*]

“I must differ in opinion,
For I think his voice is *high*;
We will leave it to Soprano,
Which is juster, you or I.”

SOPRANO—[*reads and whispers*]—

“O! you naughty, naughty singers,
This will never, never do!
I shall have to teach you better,
Than to treat the stranger so.
I am sure, I like the Preacher,
Though he does not put on airs;
And I think you all are wicked,
And had better say your prayers.”

ALTO—[*in a whisper*]—

“Listen! he is saying ‘lastly,’
And we have n’t got the place,
Now, if we should fail in singing,
It would be a great disgrace.”

ORGANIST—

“O! what shall we sing?”

LEADER—

“I think we will give them this:
‘O worship the Lord,
In the beauty of Holiness.’”

DIALOGUE THIRD.—THE DOCTOR, AND THE SQUIRE.

DOCTOR—

“Well! what did you think of the Preacher?”

SQUIRE—

“I liked *what he said* very well,
But then, I am easily suited;
The main thing for us, is to tell
What man will *bring in the outsiders*,
We want them converted, you know;—
This man will suit older church-members,
But does not make much of a show.
I'll speak to Judge Morgan about him;
The Judge is a critic, 'tis true,
But if he should fancy our Preacher,
He surely will rent a good pew.”

DOCTOR—

“And then, there is Barton, the Lawyer,
I see he was present to-day;
Suppose you just try him a little,
And find out what he has to say.”

SQUIRE—

“We must surely try to *please the outsiders*,
For these are hard times, as you know;
We need all their help on the expenses,
And then, we can *scarcely* pull through.”

DOCTOR—

“We didn’t count Howard, the Banker,
We might induce him to attend,—
He’s paid thirty cents on the dollar,
And now he has money to spend.”

SQUIRE—

“Hush! there he is now—the new Preacher,
He seems to be turning this way;
Can’t say yet *just how* I shall like him,
Will tell you to-morrow. Good day.”

DIALOGUE FOURTH—MRS. WHITE, AND DEA. BROWN.

MRS. WHITE—

“We have had a *splendid Sermon*,
Don’t you think so, Deacon Brown?”

DEACON BROWN—

“Yes, indeed, that man is posted,
All the way, from Moses down.”

MRS. WHITE—

“I just thought when he was preaching,
All about the smitten rock,
And I thought, here was leader,
That would feed a hungry flock.”

DEACON BROWN—

“Truly grand was his portrayal
Of the Spirit’s mighty sway;
Well he showed the world-conforming
Spirit, in the Church to-day.”

MRS. WHITE—

“Brother, we all need refreshing,
By the Spirit’s mighty power.”

DEACON BROWN—

“Truly, may we have his blessing,
In a free, abundant shower.”

MRS. WHITE—

“I just thought that I was carried,
Far away from time and sense,
When he dwelt on God’s protecting
Care, and loving providence.”

DEACON BROWN—

“*Such a Sermon* makes a sinner
Feel as though he had a *friend*,
And I think this is the Preacher,
We have prayed the Lord to send.”

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the good Deacon,
The new Preacher went his way,—
For a *leading Under-Shepherd*,
They continue still—to pray.

*Green Lake.**

BEAUTIFUL waters of Emerald green,
With surface that sparkles in Fairy-like sheen,
With waters that myriads of treasure reveal,
Yet whose depths keep secure, what they cannot conceal.
How charming thy scenery, so wild and so free,—
GREEN LAKE was a name fitly chosen for thee.

Now glimmering in ripples, at Zephyr's light breath,
Now placid in semblance of Nature's calm death,
Reflecting the splendors of Sol, in his pride,
As he cools his bright beams, in thy clear limpid tide;
Returning the smiles, of the clouds as they pass,
Transferring their beauty, in Emerald glass.

Of ocean and commerce, thou can'st not have dreamed,
In thy quiet retreat where kind Nature hath seemed
To place thee, to cool heated pulses of Life,
To quell the low fevers, of turmoil and strife,
For those who from business, and care turn aside,
To sport on thy waters, or lave in thy tide.

Since Alchemy failed youth's elixir to find,
The ages succeeding have ever combined,
Endeavors as useless, Life's charms to withhold,
By decking her pathway, with jewels and gold,
Forgetting that lilies, in lovely array,
Outvied a great Monarch in royal display.

Lured on by ambition, men gather their gain,
Oft with burden of heart, and 'neath pressure of brain,
Which turns all the glitter of gold into rust,
Makes coveted diamonds seem worthless as dust,
Until they have learned, what they gathered in haste
For apples of beauty, are ashes to taste.

For such there is rest, on thy banks of repose,
Rare jewels for them, will thy waters disclose,
From the pebbles that lie in their beauty at rest,
To the gold in the lilies, that float on thy breast,
While on thy calm surface, from center to shore,
New life may be found in the plying of oar.

Pure blood will flow freely, at heart's faithful beat,
A conscience unburdened, give sleep that is sweet,
And these shall sustain, amid trial and care,
Through the changes that come, in this life, everywhere,
Thus they, greatest treasure, in life shall obtain,
Who keep true heart-vigor, whatever their gain.

Adieu lovely waters, so placid and free,
GREEN LAKE was a name fitly chosen for thee;
For green are thy waters, and green is thy shore,
And green shall thy memory remain evermore.

* Dartford, Wisconsin ; Home of my Father, July, 1872.

Life.

LIFE is often called a journey,
To a far and distant land,
With its way-marks by the roadside,
And its footprints on the sand.
Over mountains, through deep valleys,
Pilgrims journey, on and on,
Grasping oft for tinted rainbow,
Which seems resting just beyond.

Life is sometimes termed a voyage,
To a shadowy, unseen shore,
Where we launch upon the billows,
Trusting to be carried o'er,
By the aid of chart and compass,
To direct us, day by day,
And the fadeless stars of Heaven,
To guide safely on the way.

Life is often marked by seasons,
Like the changes of the year;
Spring-time, beautiful with blossoms,
Songs of birds, and gladsome cheer;
Summer, rich with golden harvest;
Autumn, with her fruitage rare;
Winter, wrapped in frosted mantle,
White with age, and bowed with care;--

We may paint a lovely picture,
Of Life's pilgrim o'er the land,
Or portray a prosp'rous voyage,
To a distant golden strand;—
Or depict the changing seasons,
Bringing flowers, fruit, or snow,
Representing generations,
As they come, and as they go.

There is still a truer picture,
Which the Ages of the past,
Have portrayed in glowing colors,
Or in darkest shadows cast,
As the worthy deeds of heroes,
Have been graven upon Time,
Or his annals have been darkened,
By vice, ignorance, and crime.

Half the world is all unmindful
Of the woes which others bear,
Many deem themselves the favored
Pets of fortune, everywhere,—
"This is mine, which I have gathered,"
Say they, in their lofty pride,
And when poverty confronts them,
"Pass ye by, the other side."

Do we boast of our possessions,
Glory in our stocks, or gold?
We are all, at best, but stewards
Of the bounty which we hold;
And the poorest of the poorest,
Whom our Lord will ever find,
Is one rich in wealth, ill-gotten,
Heart depraved, and stinted mind.

We should bear each other's burdens,
Forward march, or firmly stand,
In all forms of Christian labor,
Faith and works, clasped hand in hand;
Saved we are, our Lord asserted,
Only as to him we come;
Go and labor in his vineyard,—
Thine shall be a glorious home.

Is thy rest within a palace,
Sometimes seek a lowly door;
It will make thee prize thy blessings,
And give comfort to the poor.
“Cast thy bread upon the waters,”
In a multitude of ways,
It may come to thee redoubled,
Even after many days.

Seek to serve thy generation,
Which will quickly pass away,
Wait not for some grand to-morrow,
Serve in trifles of to-day;
Often has the pulse been quickened,
And Life's failing fountain stirred,
By a tender act of kindness,
Or a gently spoken word.

Though thy way were strewn with diamonds,
They are powerless to save,
And at best but shed their luster,
O'er thy pathway to the grave.
What will earthly wealth avail thee,
When dust turneth back to dust?
Lay thy treasure up in Heaven,
Where no moth corrupts—nor rust.

When the RECORD has been ended,
Of this fleeting Life, at last,
And the journey, ever weary,
All its sorest trials past,
May the MASTER, to us calling,
As we reach the unseen shore,
"Well done, good and faithful servant,"
Bid us welcome evermore.

THE END.

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